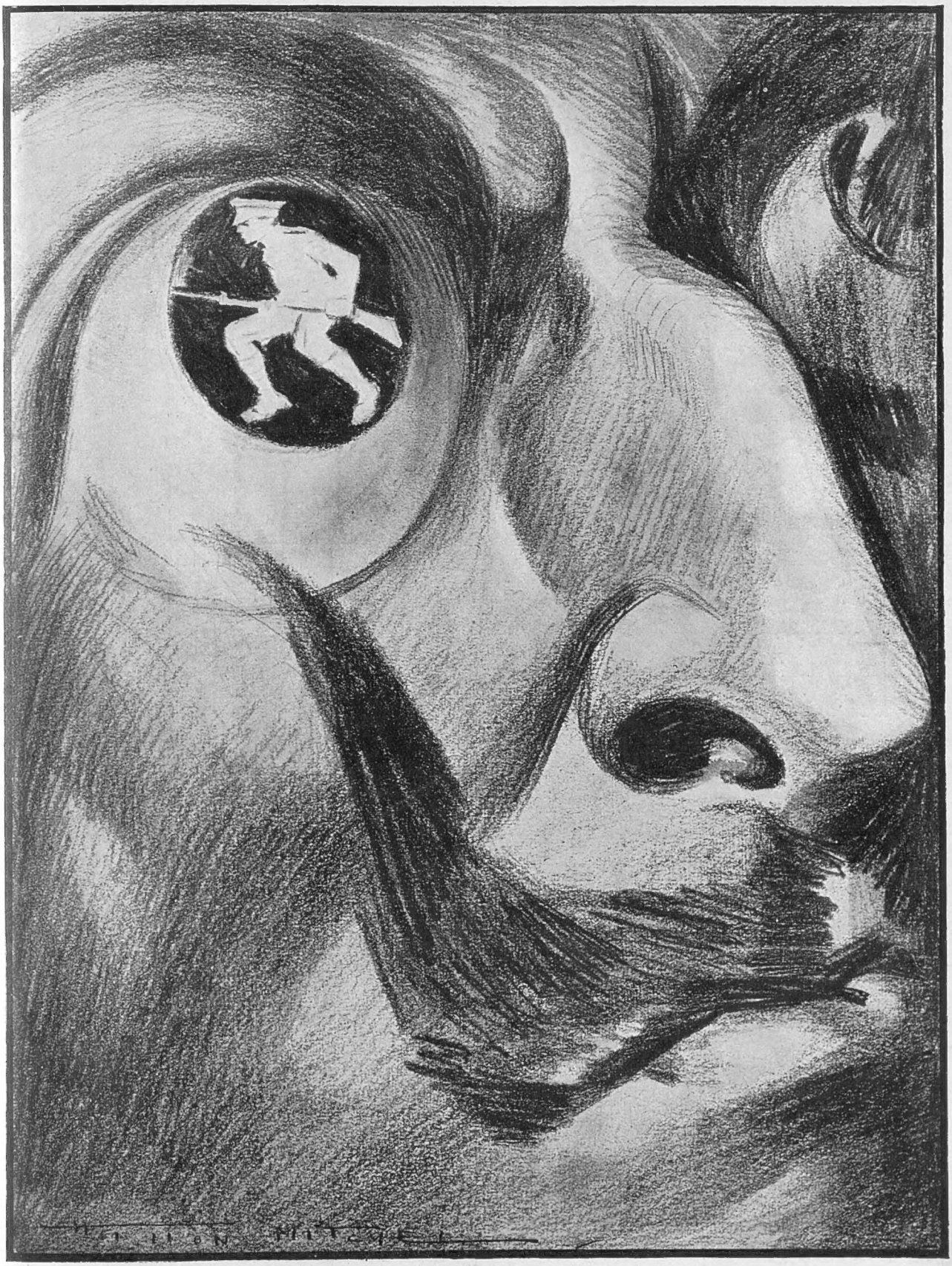
The Bystander, March 3, 1915.—No. 587. Vol. XLV.

The BYSTANDER



SOMETHING IN IT

The Kaiser is reported to have "something in his eye" for the Spring Campaign

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

The Blockade Fiasco

THE Germans have such a gift for being pleased in advance with everything they hope to do that I suppose they will profess themselves delighted with the results of the first ten days of the "blockade." But to the impartial observer it is already a failure, and likely to become increasingly a failure as time goes on. Their great chance was to catch us unprepared and to sink fifty or a hundred ships before we had time to devise any counter-measures. Owing to fear of neutral opinion they could not do this, with the result that we had lots of time to improvise—well, all sorts of things that need not be specified, and we, too, are quite satisfied with the result, strange as it may seem to Admiral von Tirpitz.

***

Their One Score

At the same time, if we want to be strictly fair, we must own that they have scored one success by making the American Government raise the cost of insurance to British ports. Some people are very angry with the Americans for this, and seem to think it to be very much in the nature of an unfriendly act. But how on earth they could have done otherwise I really cannot see. Even taking the most favourable view of our position, there *is* slightly more risk in sending goods to Liverpool or Southampton than to, let us say, Marseilles. The German submarine officers are competent enough—nobody denies that—and they are likely to sink several more ships before they're done with. Bearing this in mind, not to mention the very real possibility of being dragged into war if an American crew is lost, you cannot wonder that President Wilson and his advisers are not exactly anxious to encourage American ships to come over here like a swarm of bees.

VICE-ADMIRAL S. H. CARDEN

Who is in command of the Allied Fleets operating against the forts of the Dardanelles

Pros and Cons

This might be a more serious matter to us if we relied to any great extent on American ships to bring us our food. But, as a matter of fact, we don't. I have been told that, on a weekly average, not more than one or two second-class liners and a couple of dozen tramps enter our ports flying the Stars and Stripes. So that we need not worry! Anyway, that is the worst punishment the Germans have been able to inflict on us yet—and it's always a comfort to know the worst, especially when the worst is so very little bad. Of course, we are all very sorry about the few ships actually lost so far, but, if we view things in a proper perspective, we shall realise that this means practically nothing—and are there not certain rumours going about which, if true, would more than counterbalance the loss of three times as many ships?

***

Jobs Galore

Why all this fuss about General Seely? The spectacle of indignant members getting up in the House of Commons and in virtuous horror to pretend that the very idea of political influence having anything to do with military promotion is positively shocking to them would be funny if it were not so silly. Everybody knows perfectly well that political and every other kind of influence has always been used—and never more than at the present time—to "get a man on." As a matter of fact, there are, I dare swear, many more flagrant instances than that of the late Minister of War, who served with distinction in South Africa, and naturally, from his position, enjoys advantages denied to the ordinary officer. In an unprecedented time like this, we are bound to have nepotism in the widest sense of the word. All we can ask is that the nepotism should be moderately intelligent.

(Continued on page 286)

Things That Matter—Now

HOW OUR "MISERABLE MERCENARIES" ENJOY THEIR TRAINING

MEN OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH ON MANŒUVRES PRACTISING ONE OF THEIR FAMOUS CHARGES IN OPEN FORMATION

MEN OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS ENJOYING A SNOWBALL MATCH ON THE NEW AERODROME AT NORTHOLT, NEAR HARROW

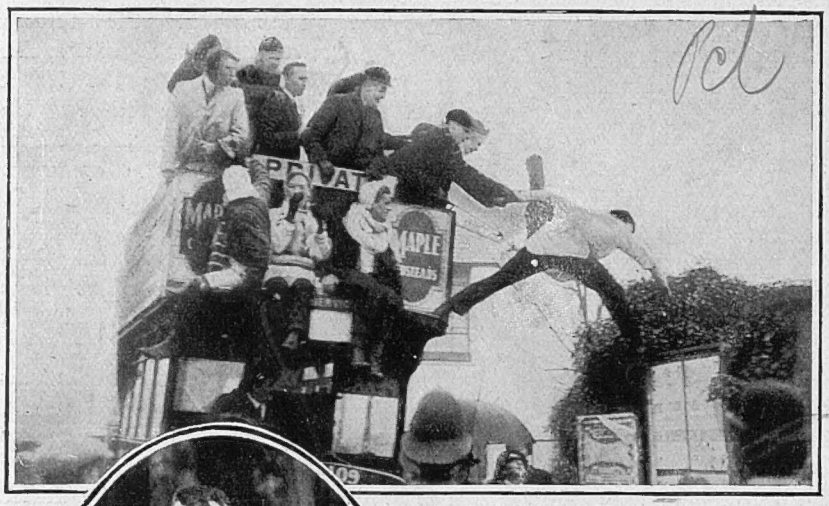
MEN OF THE ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY DOING PHYSICAL DRILL IN THE SNOW AS AN AID TO THE HARDENING PROCESS

It is gratifying to learn from pictures like these that our young soldiers in training are emulating the cheeriness of their comrades at the Front, that special trait in the character of the British soldier which helps to make him the most indomitable fighter in the world. In a week when civilians depressed by the weather could not help wondering what the blockade really had in store for them, our new armies were serenely "getting on with it," and welcomed the snow as something that added to the fun

Things That Matter—No Longer

"SPORTING EVENTS" FROM WHICH THE WAR HAS SAVED US

THE "RAG" AT THE FINAL OF THE INTER-HOSPITAL RUGBY FOOTBALL CUP



ROWDY MEDICAL STUDENTS *EN ROUTE* FOR A CUP TIE

CELEBRITIES PLAYING LAWN TENNIS AT NICE—

—OR GOLF AT CANNES

VENUSES OF THE VARIETY STAGE AT A CHARITY FOOTBALL MATCH

The War is going to change many things and do away with others altogether, we are told. We are already grateful to it for one thing at any rate—the suspension for this Spring at least of the annual booming of such events as are shown in the above photographs. It will be a long time, we venture to predict, before the illustrated Press again attempts to interest the public in such trivialities

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded from page* 283)

A Storm in a Teacup

And the unfortunate Mr. Meyer! To judge by the way some people talk you might think he was a criminal of the deepest dye. After all, what did he do except make arrangements with the War Office to do something on terms with which every business man is familiar, and for which every business man would have asked. What is more, he seems to have done his job well and with considerable acumen. If anything is at fault it is the system of paying people for their services on commission instead of at a fixed salary. But that is not Mr. Meyer's fault.

* *
*

Pro-Germans on the Clyde

It is useless to pretend that the strike on the Clyde is anything but humiliating to us as a nation. Not that anyone doubts that it will soon be settled; as a matter of fact, it will possibly be done with before these words are printed. But nothing can alter the fact that several thousand Englishmen chose this time deliberately to curtail the production of war material. Doubtless both masters and men must bear their share of responsibility, but, however considered, the whole thing leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. Not in France, not even in Germany, have we heard of such a thing since the war began, though the strain on the German workmen has been far greater than on ours. And just think what the German newspapers will say! Can you imagine our own Carmelite House if such a thing had occurred at Wilhelmshaven or Hamburg?

MR. MONTAGUE MEYER

Whose contracts for the purchase of timber for the Government and the commission he makes thereon have been the cause of "a certain liveliness" in the House of Commons recently

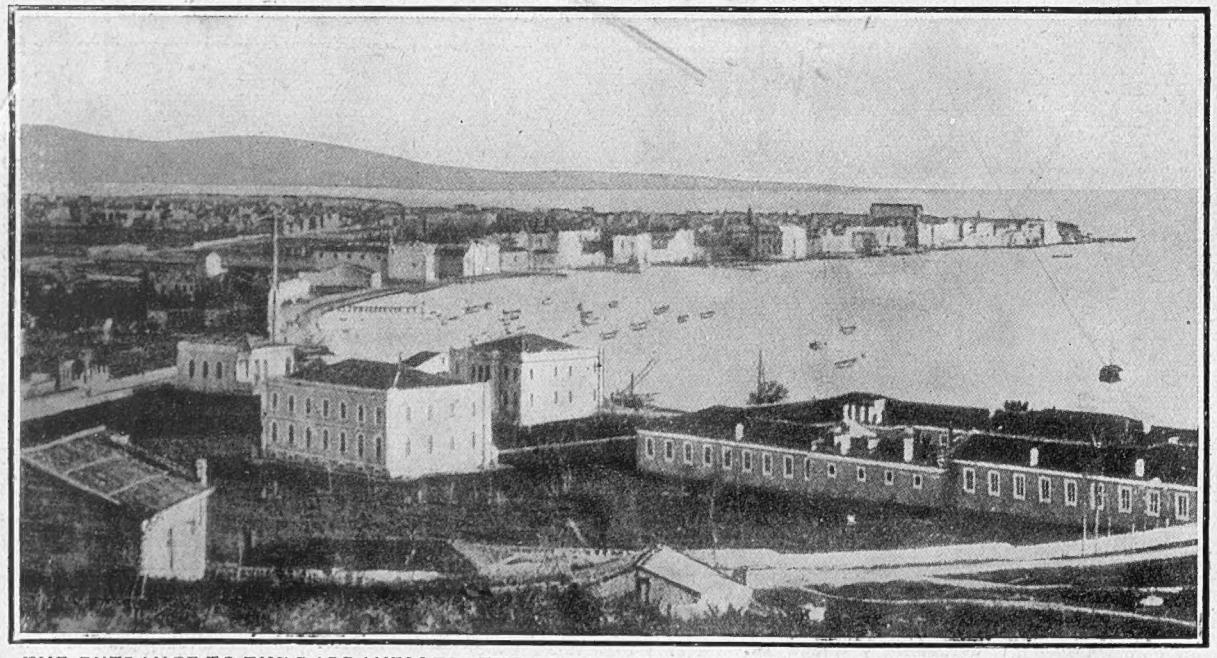
Share and Share Alike

By the way, all the grumbles about increased taxes and cost of living come either from the class who are blessed with big incomes which carry with them the curse of big taxes—or from the working-classes (so-called). The long suffering middle class, however, go on suffering in silence, and comparative cheerfulness it spite of the fact that they have to work harder during such times as these, pay more for their food and meet higher taxes on their incomes. No one, of course, grudges the "working classes" more pay if their employers are making bigger profits over war contracts, but every class has got to bear its share of expense and hardship.

* *
*

The "Blind Eye" Again

Rumours have their uses, after all. Who, by the way, started the one about the *Dacia* changing her course in order to take the North of Scotland route? We can only guess, of course, but it does seem that Nelson's "blind eye" is still available in the British Navy. All sorts of loopholes might have been found for the *Dacia's* exit if she had been captured by us. The laws of the French Prize Court, however, are much more definite on the matter, and the much-discussed *Dacia* business has, apparently, been settled by her capture by a cruiser of our Ally's. The French Prize Court has taken her to its bosom at Brest.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE DARDANELLES: THE SCENE OF LAST WEEK'S SUCCESSFUL NAVAL OPERATIONS

The narrow entrance to the Dardanelles is—or rather was—guarded by four principal forts, Cape Helles Battery, Fort Seddul Bahr, Fort Orkhanieh Tabia, and Fort Kum Kalessi Tabia, and of these the first three were entirely destroyed, and the fourth partially demolished, by the guns of the Allied Fleets

Counting the "Bag"

KRONPRINZ: "My de-ar Tirpy!! Seven brace in a week!!—out of fourteen hundred chances!!—I ask you!!—and after all that talk too, what?!! What on earth will our people say?"

(The net result of the first week of the Great German Submarine Blockade was that 14 ships out of 1,400 that left and arrived at these Islands were disposed of)

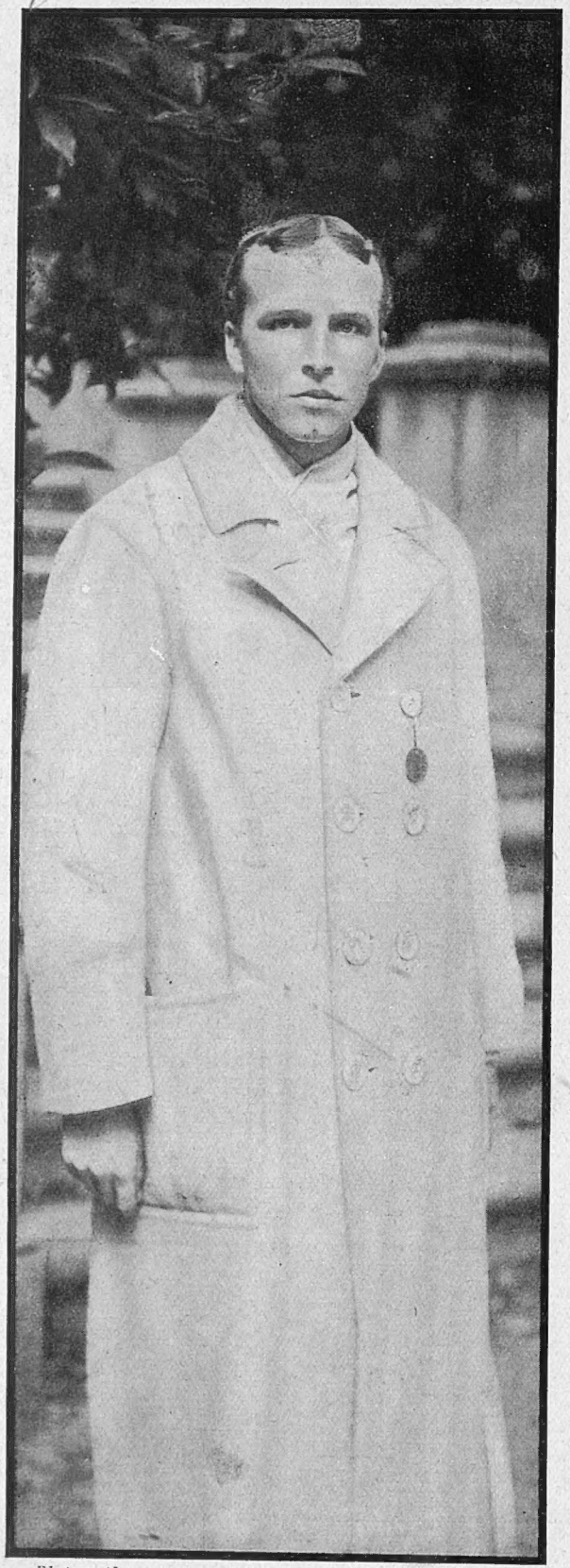
On the Roll of Honour

THE FIRST FAMOUS LAWN TENNIS PLAYER TO FALL

TO the long list of England's athletes who have responded to their country's call and yielded up their lives nobly in her defence must now be added the name of Kenneth Powell, the news of whose death from wounds was received in London early last week. In our regret at the loss of a man who had already proved himself as fine a fighter in the field of warfare as he was in the field of sport let those of us who can claim 'Varsity kinship with him remember with pride that he was among the first to set that splendid example of "taking a hand" in the war which has been so strikingly followed by past and present Oxford and Cambridge men.

Prowess in sport is a sure passport to popularity. But Powell's popularity was not of the ordinary kind. In hurdling, in lawn tennis, in football, in every form of sport to which he applied himself, an onlooker, watching him, was impelled to regard him in the light of a friend and to look upon his success or failure over the particular thing at which he was aiming as a matter of immediate personal import. When he made his record for the fastest time over hurdles in the 'Varsity Sports Oxford seemed to be trying to cheer him as loudly as Cambridge, although Oxford—naturally—did not want Cambridge to win.

He was President of the C.U.A.C. when he set up his 'Varsity hurdles record (15 3-5th sec.) in the year 1907, and he again won the Hurdles for Cambridge in the following year. He also represented England in the Olympic Games of 1908 and 1912.



Photograph *Browne, Eastbourne*

KENNETH POWELL

The well-known Cambridge lawn tennis player and athlete, whose death from wounds sustained at Ypres was reported last week. He was serving with the H.A.C.

At lawn tennis he played against Oxford for three years—1905-6-7, and though he has never won, or even reached, a final at Wimbledon, his successes have been very numerous. If not a great player, he was certainly a very wonderful one, for after his Cambridge days he soon settled down to a life of business, and got few opportunities of keeping up his form except at week-ends and on occasional holidays.

I should say that he was about at his best in 1908 and 1909, the two years which immediately followed his coming down from Cambridge. In 1908 he won the Covered Court Championship of Sweden at Stockholm, beating, among others, A. W. Gore, and in 1909 he reached the final of the Covered Court Championship at Queen's Club. But he has done well since—notably in 1913, when at Wimbledon he beat C. P. Dixon, who was one of the men "in the running" for the Championship. He was a left-handed player and had the weakness common to many left-handed players—a somewhat slow and laboured backhand stroke off the ground. But had he been able to play more regularly in first-class company I am convinced that he would have gone much further than he did, for he possessed the two chief attributes of the match-winner, indomitable pluck and a serene temperament.

H. S. S.

Portraits of Social Interest

Photograph *Rita Martin*

THE HON. MRS. BUTLER

Formerly the Hon. Sybil Fellowes, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady de Ramsey, who was married on February 23 to Captain J. G. Butler, of the 1st Life Guards

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

MISS GLADYS NELSON

Daughter of Sir William and Lady Nelson, who is driving a motor ambulance at the Front. She has two brothers in the army, and four sisters married to army officers

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE HON. EDITH WINN

Only daughter of Lord and Lady St. Oswald, whose engagement to Mr. Henry Ashley, of the Coldstream Guards, son of the late Mr. Evelyn Ashley and Lady Alice Ashley, is announced

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *March* 1, 1915.

DEAR COUSIN—

ONE of the things we're most interested in over here just this moment is—who's going to join in the war next? On our side, that is, for the Germans are hardly likely to collect any fresh friends now. Everyone thinks that in the spring Italy's fancy, for one, will turn to war. It's even rumoured that the reserves have got their mobilisation papers.

* * *

By the way, on a German officer someone's found plans for the Italians to march through Switzerland, same as the Germans marched through Belgium. You know, it's said to be one of the things that's annoyed the Kaiser most—Italy, his supposed Ally, not joining in against us. A friend of mine who knows all the Court people in Rome tells me the War Lord wired to King Victor—"Conquered or unconquered, I shall remember." Which worried the King so much that he went to bed with nervous prostration.

* * *

People are saying here that if only the diplomats and statesmen had done their business, not only Italy, but the little States—Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania—would long ago have joined the Allies. Then the fall of Constantinople and the opening of those awfully important Dardanelles mightn't have taken quite so long as I'm afraid it will, and we should have got a line of communication between forces and resources that, I'm told, is simply tremendously important.

"When I remember some of my Paris hotel bills . . . . . !"

* * *

But the diplomatists have played a pretty poor part all round since the times became crucial, haven't they? And as someone said the other day, any Tommy's worth at least two diplomatists when Armageddon comes. I don't wonder you new peoples manage to do without them.

* * *

They're such costly luxuries. And simply take the biscuit, it seems to me, for not knowing their job—which is, after all, simply to carry on a high-class spy business and let their own country know what the other country's up to. Even Ambassador Lichnowsky—who, as a German, should at least have been a master of the spying art—really thought that Ireland and the Suffragettes had knocked the stuffing out of England.

"A young officer, who has just returned from Paris, says that in the hotels they would hardly let him pay for anything"

* * *

The intellect of the last of the German Ambassadors, though, was hardly considered, even in his own country, as up to the usual standard of diplomatic cunning, and I suppose there's no doubt he was sent here partly as a blind—to make himself pleasant and throw splendid dinner-parties in our eyes while his country completed its warlike preparations to walk over Belgium and conquer France—with England looking on.

* * *

Talking of the smaller States, one hears so much of the pains and privations of "poor little Serbia" that really I rubbed my eyes when Prince Alexander, cousin of the Serbian King, was pointed out to me lunching as large as life at the Ritz and looking very *chic*, as well as far from poor, in khaki "trimmed" with the Serbian colours.

* * *

He's said to be over here to arrange an exhibition of Austrian war relics on behalf of the Serbian Red Cross. It may be that or it may be something rather more important—anyway, his mission wasn't allowed to interfere with the real business of life, which

with young princes is naturally to enjoy themselves. He "did" the music-halls, of course, and danced quite a lot at Murray's.

* * *

Apropos of night clubs, the denunciations of Father Bernard Vaughan don't seem to have had much effect—you know he told us the other day that "these night clubs were mowing down the bloom and beauty of England's youth far more completely than any quick-firing gun in the trenches." They are going stronger than ever, I hear—like the restaurants whose prices go up in war-time, but whose patrons multiply exceedingly.

* * *

One of the old ones, the Lotus, came to life again last week (less exotically named Willis's this time), and there seems a night club flavour about the new Ciro's that's to open soon—he's the famous *restaurateur* of Paris and Monte Carlo, you know. Anyway, I'm told there's a "real" star negro orchestra from Noo York, and the very last word in spring dancing floors which can be tightened or loosened according to the—spring of the dancers. Not that I mean, of course, that any of them will ever be either tight, *or* loose, *or* sprung!

There is also a very classy committee, including such "bloods" as Lord Chelsea and Lord Poulett, who married a lady from the Gaiety, Sir Joseph Tichborne, Lord Robert Innes Ker, who's the Duke of Roxburghe's brother, and Mr. E. A. V. Stanley, Master of the Pytchley, with George Grossmith and Seymour Hicks and Joseph Coyne to look after the stage side.

* * *

And all the appointments (from Paris) are said to be so luxurious and elaborate that it's been quite a business getting them all over—"owing to the war." Which shows a really quite lamentable lack of the proper spirit on the part of the authorities. A new night club's *accoutrements* held up just for mere Red Cross trains and troop trains and supply trains, and such like. . . . Tut, tut!

* * *

But it all goes to prove, doesn't it, that, anyway, we're not downhearted—in fact, if we were, perhaps, just a *little* more so it might be as well, some people think, or more seemly, anyway. I'm afraid I'm one of them, for all this "pleasure as usual" sometimes turns my—may you say "stomach" in the Colonies?

"They can bring some sandwiches and a flask with them, can't they?"

"IN ENGLAND NOW!" (concluded)

It appears, by the way, that in some ways we're not quite so generous to the French over here as the French are to the English over there. A young officer I know who has just returned from Paris says that in the hotels, even the very smartest and most ambassadorial of them, they would hardly let him pay for anything. When he demurred at paying nothing they refused to accept more than about a fifth for rooms and meals. Nice of them, wasn't it, and *what* a change! When I remember some of *my* Paris hotel bills. . . . !

* * *

From the trenches another man writes me of the "really wonderful stuff" the sort of bank clerk class is made of. Some of "these kids," under twenty very often and sitting on office stools six months ago, are quite amazing. "They undergo fearful fatigue and hardship with such smiling fortitude, get on so uncomplainingly with often unpleasant work, and are so ignorant of fear that sometimes some of us wonder if we're quite such fine fellows as we thought we were."

* * *

It seems great waste, he says, to use such men as private soldiers in a war of attrition. Without training they can't be put to anything else, of course, but there are so many among them who would make really good officers, daily doing work which would be done a good deal better by navvies, and for the rest equally well by labouring men of ordinary intelligence.

* * *

Not that the labourer's share is any less valuable than the other man's. But from the point of view of economy 25 per cent. of such men as these might serve better, and 10 per cent. at least would serve better were they now in training as officers instead of stopping bullets whilst doing mule's work, or at best laying up sickness for old age in the trenches.

* * *

The slackers, he adds, are quite amazingly few. And of a party that sets out to carry such things as ready-made barbed wire entanglements, planks, pumps, bags of bricks, and other light sundries from one place to another you can generally tell before they start which men will finish carrying a double load and which carrying a dropped handkerchief.

* * *

They say we're a nation of sportsmen, and I suppose it's an instance of it that, in order that racegoers might not be deprived of their usual luncheon-room in the Grand Stand at the spring and summer meetings at Epsom, the Grand Stand people actually wanted to turn out the hospital there with all its equipment—not to speak of the patients, our wounded soldiers.

* * *

But even some of the racegoers themselves could not quite stomach this. The Duke of Portland, most inveterate of racing men, said it would be better to abandon the meeting altogether than turn the men out, and—well, to cut a long story short, the Grand Stand people gave way. I don't suppose the racegoers will mind dispensing with their luncheon room just for this once. They can bring some sandwiches and a flask with them, can't they? After all, as Mr. Churchill says, we *are* at war.

With the coming of spring London's been indulging in its usual bout of "flue," and the list of distinguished invalids is as long as your arm. But it's best for a mere civilian—unless he's a *very* big bug indeed—*not* to be ill enough "to be nussed" these days. There's a great shortage of nurses nearly everywhere, though, contrary to general opinion, only Army nurses are nursing British wounded abroad, by Lord Kitchener's special orders.

* * *

The rest have to work under the Red Cross, under whose banner, of course, are also enrolled the amateurs, some of whom are as awfully good as others are dreadfully bad. The very last of the hospitals to be run "somewhere in France" by Englishwomen seems to be the one the Duchess of Rutland and her daughter are getting up. Lady Diana's been training since the war began, so I expect she knows all about nursing now.

* * *

Everyone seems to agree, I'm afraid, that the Germans treat their prisoners pretty badly. As one of my soldiers' wives whose husband is a prisoner in Germany put it after she'd had an interview with his Captain—"Captain ——— 'es a gentleman, but he's a bachelor, and he *did* use language about them Germans." I rather like the idea that only gentlemen who are bachelors use "language," don't you?

With love,
Yours ever,
BLANCHE

"Captain ——— 'e *did* use such language about them Germans"

Honour to Whom Honour is Due

Photographs *Lallie Charles and Lafayette*

COUNTESS GLEICHEN

Whose husband, a cousin of King George, has been appointed a major-general in reward for distinguished services in the Field. Count Gleichen (whose portrait is inset above) commands the 15th infantry brigade, Irish command

No More Shaw!

BY AN EX-SHAVIAN

THERE are some people with whom many of us have had to do in the course of a lifetime of whom one did not altogether approve, yet for whom one was inclined to take up cudgels on the ground that they painted themselves a good deal blacker (or redder) than they really were. These were, perhaps, people with perverse ideas of morals, ethics, religion, or politics, against whom the Philistines raged greatly, yet they were voted "rather amusing." They didn't really mean half what they said, or do half of the things they pretended. Many have risked disapproval on account of association with such as these, and have risked it gladly. Then there has come a rude awakening. One has discovered quite suddenly that the man is quite as black or as red as he has painted himself, that his perversity is real and earnest. Then one has turned sadly away, and shaken off dust from one's feet.

There has been about the town for a score of years past one George Bernard Shaw. Against this writer the usual people have certainly raged violently. But at his side Mr. Shaw has always been able to command a body of supporters who, while they did not agree with, or approve, most of his ideas, yet claimed for him the right of expression on the ground that he was consciously absurd in regard to many of them, and was "saying things" rather with the idea to *épater les bourgeois* than to advance eternal truths.

Believing that he was at heart loyal enough to his adopted country, Englishmen allowed Shaw to write play after play reviling English ideas, the English character, the English Army, the English home. It did not matter, we said, that these were exaggerations. It did us more good, perhaps, to be shown in caricature than in oily flattery. When we looked into ourselves (that is to say, into other people) we agreed that we were rather a bundle of contradictions, conceits, and absurdities, and that it was quite a good thing that there was a person named Shaw able to show us up.

When war broke out, of course, and it became necessary for us to pull together in face of the world, to do our level best to appear in the brightest light of our own reputation, we took it for granted that Shaw would—to put it vulgarly—shut up. For some months the expectation proved justified. He did shut up. He positively bellowed his reticence. Then, suddenly, he merely spoke. He gave us his pamphlet, "Common Sense About the War," Being still predisposed towards our Shaw, we refrained from joining in the chorus of condemnation. Much that Shaw said was, from the patriotic point of view, harmful, and lent itself to quotation to our detriment in the enemy Press. Yet we ourselves were inclined to forgive him because, after all, he was Shaw. His principal point was, of course, that we British were just as much Junkers as the Prussians, and that we were only humbugging when we pretended that we were going to war for Belgium's sweet sake. We were at war with Germany, said Shaw, in effect, because we had long been itching for a smack at the Germans, and Belgium was merely the salve to a Liberal Government's conscience. We don't think Mr. Shaw ought to have said that sort of thing; but let it go. It was just Shaw.

We did not join in the cry of "Traitor" because we believed Shaw was saying what he had to say as a loyal Briton of some sort, who really did want the British Empire to come out top dog. We deeply regret to say that we have been mistaken as to our Shaw, and are compelled to recognise that the charge against him is proven. In the last number of the *Nation* Mr. Shaw uses language that could only be used at the present time by an enemy of Great Britain and a partisan of Germany. After claiming that Germany, in hacking her way through Belgium, was not violating Belgium's neutrality, but that England and France, in defending Belgium, were—a proposition, the insanity of which speaks for itself—Mr. Shaw goes on to unburden himself of the following utterance (our italics).

"I have set myself from the first to discredit the Belgian pretext for the war, and to induce our Ministers and newspapers to drop it. I did so even before the documents found in Brussels by the Germans *left the Foreign Office so completely bowled out on the Belgian point by the German Chancellor that it had not a word to say and was reduced to hiring a street boy to put out his tongue at him.*"

That is the way Mr. Bernard Shaw describes the British reply to Bethmann-Hollweg on the vital question of responsibility for the war. This British subject, this dweller in our midst, this filler of his pockets with British money, has the indecency to describe the reasoned and moderate statement of the British case for defending Belgian neutrality as "hiring a street boy to put out his tongue" at his Excellency Herr Hollweg.

What are we to say of a man who not only takes up cudgels publicly on the enemy's side, but who uses them against his own men with all the enemy's violence? The villainous epithet about "putting out our tongue" could only have been written by one who was at heart an enemy of this country. I think the British public can be relied on to show its view of Mr. Shaw's behaviour, and the first step in this direction should be a concerted avoidance of playhouses devoted to the production of his plays.

The "Croix Verte"

DISCOVERY OF THE "GREEN CROSS"

BY A PARIS CORRESPONDENT

WALKING down the boulevards one evening my eye was caught by a bright green cross, staring from a white *affiche*. On closer inspection it proved to be placed there to draw the attention of the passer-by to the "Œuvre de la Croix Verte," which claimed, among other things, to *faire bon accueil* to tired soldiers at one of the less important stations of Paris.

Curious to see the kind of welcome offered to them, I turned towards the station in question, and after a little search found three lighted open doorways with larger green crosses hung above them. I looked in the middle room. It was full of dirty, tired-looking soldiers, all kinds of French and Belgian, sitting round a long, narrow table, drinking coffee or soup and eating bread and *pâté*. Two women, dressed in the charming white uniform everywhere affected by French *infirmières*, were waiting on them and working very hard. The supply of bowls and spoons and other utensils being very scanty, a vigorous washing-up was constantly necessary to keep pace with the demands of thirsty men. In fact, I saw one girl scald her hands badly as she hastily ladled out soup for a crowding group of Belgians at the door.

Some of the men were going to their *pays* with eight days' leave, after convalescence, before returning to their depôt; others, in an exhausted condition, were straight from the front; others, again, returning there—these last were rather tragic. There was no complaining, and a stony acceptance of hideous discomfort was common to them all, but there was about them a certain unmistakable look that only comes to those who have faced the reality of violent death to others, and go anew to face the possibility of it for themselves.

For who is the hero who does not daily weigh his chance of escape from the terrible, if glorious, end, that overtakes his comrades?

Nearly all French soldiers have a far more sober mien than at the start of the war, and are not at all ready to offer their opinions on the final issue, though their amazing patience and good manners to all who have to do with them are never failing.

If unwilling to encourage the onlooker by boasting of the successful operations, in which, perhaps, he has taken part, the *piou-piou* is delighted to talk about himself, his family, his wounds, or anything personal that comes into his head, if he meets a sympathetic listener—all of which confidences are delivered with a racy *tournure de phrase* native to the Gaul.

"Two women, dressed in the charming white uniform everywhere affected by the French *infirmières*, were waiting on them and working very hard"

My thoughts were brought back from the vague to the particular by finding that this particular batch of men, fed, warmed, and provided with cigarettes, were moving off with pleasant thanks and "Good-byes," making a pause in the clatter of dishes and in the haste of the darting young women. One of these attended to her blistered fingers, and the other turned to me. I asked a little about the work, and learnt that from 5 o'c. in the morning till 12 o'c. at night lonely soldiers or refugees could procure warmth and food gratuitously at the Croix Verte. I was shown into one of the other

THE "CROIX VERTE" (*concluded*)

doorways, and found a small, but spotless, infirmary, where wounds were dressed and cleansed, and low beds provided for ill, weary men to wait in comfort for their ambulances.

Also, I was shown the waggon of a disused train, well-lighted and furnished with chairs and tables, where the men passing through Paris with long waits for their trains were able to play cards, etc., and rest comfortably.

And who first started this excellent idea? And by whom is it run?

Just the personal effort of one man, who started the society with 50 francs, a benevolent gentleman by the name of Monsieur Bayard.

I pondered over this information, and wondered how many people would have the energy and devotion to produce this most needed and useful little society from such a small beginning.

Suddenly there was a shrill whistle, and another train slid slowly along by the platform, and the sister moved away to look after another influx.

A strange medley came pouring out of the train, such as would make the ordinary onlooker in times of peace stare in amazement. Hurrying anxious nurses, men in every kind of uniform—Africans, Belgians, English, sad women in long black veils, all jostling along in the homely Gare Montparnasse, where one takes the train for Versailles!

If events, in these days, were not happening on such a huge scale as to numb completely one's sense of surprise, even this little upset of habitual sights and sounds would cause much interest and astonishment.

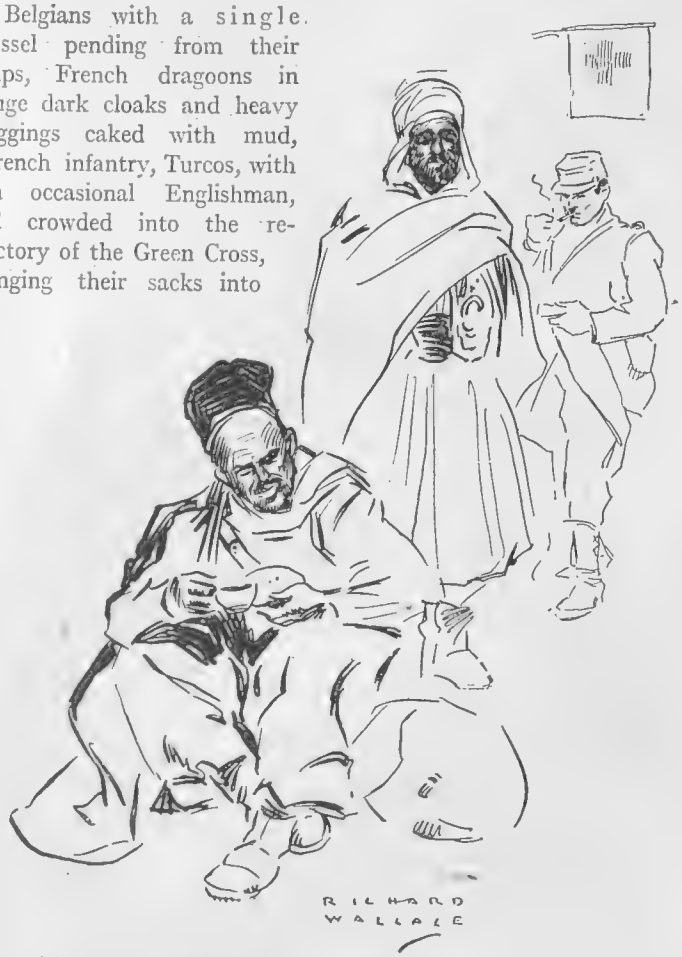
Belgians with a single tassel pending from their caps, French dragoons in huge dark cloaks and heavy leggings caked with mud, French infantry, Turcos, with an occasional Englishman, all crowded into the refectory of the Green Cross, flinging their sacks into a heap as they went in. The two girls flew hither and thither, with hot drinks and food and matches. Someone closed the door, to keep out the draught,

"They took what was offered to them, licked off the jam, and handed back the bread!"

and the noise became dim and muffled. Presently, when the platform cleared, I perceived a vague group of forms, silent and motionless, in the shadow of the waiting-room. Going a little nearer, I found they were Arab and Senegalese soldiers, resting there in these strange surroundings with the utmost calm and dignity. Some had been wounded slightly, and were half lying on their packs, watching in a curiously remote, detached way the noisy bustling Northerner. Two tall men were standing together, wrapped closely in their cloaks, their turbans wound round their blue fez, unconscious of their own beauty, which was quite mysterious in the glancing scattered lights of the station.

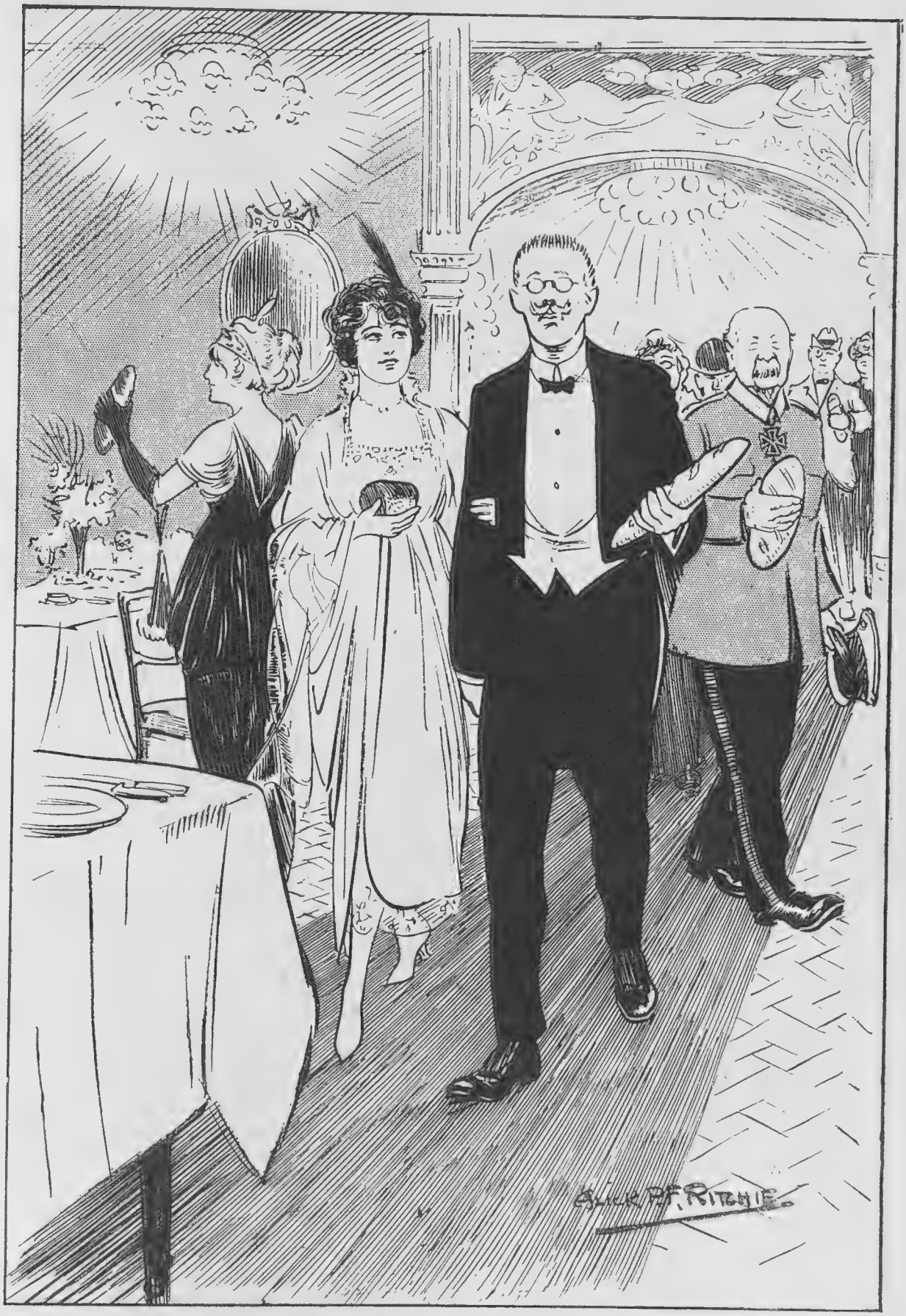
The door opened to let out one of the sisters, who brought them some wine and bread and jam. They took what was offered to them, licked off the jam, and handed back the bread! I was glad to see this breach of manners, as the proud aloofness and fine dignity of these isolated Arabs was beginning to impress me unduly with my own inferiority.

They did not stay long, as their train steamed in to bear them away to some unknown point on the long front. They climbed into the train, slowly and impressively. The brooding, sombre eyes of one of them seemed to look right through Paris and France across the Mediterranean to his own home. I watched the train curve out of the station, taking them away to an unknown fate in an unknown land. . . .



"Arab and Senegalese soldiers resting there in these strange surroundings with the utmost calm and dignity"

In Germany—Now!



Scene any evening at a fashionable restaurant in Berlin. Entry of guests carrying their bread allowances

She is C

AFTER M. FAUGERON'S CELE

The truth as to Germany's chances of final victory is coming to light in the Fatherland,
possible v

ɔming Out!

RATED PAINTING, "THE TRUTH"

with the consequence that the leaders of the Germanic Alliance are seeking the quickest y to peace

THE "EYE-WITNESS"

II.—THE SECRET MEETING OF THE KINGS

TO get at the actual origin of the Great Peace which, as I described in the first chapter, came in the night—how, when, or where the British public did not know, the newspapers could not, and the Prime Minister would not, tell—we must proceed to a picturesque seaport town "somewhere in the South of Europe." Europe possesses, in this region, a Queen as beautiful as she has been reputed clever, and one exquisite morning of the early Spring far from the scene of war, she was strolling about the harbour in company of Count B . . ., her Court Chamberlain. Lying alongside the quay was a large and handsome steam yacht, apparently quite new. The Queen asked her companion to whom it belonged. He gave her the information, picked up from a sailor standing by. The Queen asked if her Chamberlain would convey her gracious compliments to the owner, or captain, and ask his consent to her looking over the yacht.

On receipt of the message the owner came ashore in his gig, and, bowing low, introduced himself. He would be delighted beyond measure.

The Queen went over the yacht, and admired it greatly. Its owner was evidently a man of wealth, and of taste, too. It was a yacht in every way fit to be possessed by a King. The Queen envied Monsieur X—— his possession.

"I would be proud to place it at your Majesty's disposal," said the yachtsman, whose nationality need not be disclosed, "at any time you should desire it. It will be lying off here for the winter. But, your Majesty, it has one peculiarity not possessed by any other ship afloat—a peculiarity of my own invention."

The Queen showed great curiosity.

"The peculiarity, your Majesty, is that this yacht, by the pressure of a secret button, the position of which is known to me and me alone"—the Queen raised her eyebrows and turned a little pale—"this yacht can be sent to the bottom in less than a minute. So far," continued the yachtsman, "all the genius of ship-construction has been devoted to enabling a ship to prevent itself from sinking, or to sink another ship. This is the only craft in existence that is designed so that it may destroy itself."

The Queen thought herself to be in the presence of a scientific madman, and was about to withdraw hurriedly.

"Be not afraid, your Majesty. I have no intention of pressing the button now. I would wait until I had aboard a party of my dearest enemies, not one whom I regard as my country's gracious friend."

The Queen, reassured, became suddenly pensive.

"I can quite imagine," she said, at length, "a party whom it would be intensely gratifying to lure out to sea and there to drown *en masse*. I suppose we all have a large number of enemies."

"Yes, your Majesty. And remember, also, the exceedingly strong diplomatic position you, or anybody else, would be in if you were able, at a given moment, under certain circumstances, to threaten to sink a ship with all aboard unless—unless something were done that you wanted done. Some document signed, for instance. Some—ahem!—some scrap of paper."

The Queen, a new light in her eyes, grew even more pensive.

"Diplomatic conferences are often held aboard yachts," she said, "and those who have presided over them would indeed be in a strong position if they held them on this yacht, with knowledge as to the position of that button."

"Yes, your Majesty. And if it should occur at any time to you, or to the King, to avail yourselves——."

The Queen waved a deprecating hand.

"Nevertheless," she said, outstretching it, "I shall bear your name in mind. Count B——, would you kindly make a note of it?"

Her Chamberlain took the needed information and his leave of the yachtsman, and the Royal lady put ashore, not once breaking the silence until their return to the Royal apartments in the hotel.

Then, as by an inspiration, she said to the Count:

"Go and ask him to be ready to place the yacht at our disposal, with the secret, fully ready for sea, at a moment when he receives a certain message from me."

The Count obeyed. A day or two later they returned to their capital. The Queen, after spending a morning busily writing and thinking in her private library, held a conference with the King, a long conference, at which the principal topic was the Peace of Europe.

"But how can *I* do anything to secure it?" asked the embarrassed monarch.

"You are the friend of all the rulers who are at war," said the Queen. "An invitation from you for a little yachting cruise in the warm and peaceful waters of the Levant—to talk things over, you know! I have drawn up a letter which might be sent at once to them all." She handed it to the King, who read, smiled, and—rang bells.

That night special messengers from the Court were despatched bearing a certain autograph message to the Courts of all the belligerent rulers and to the

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THE PEACE THAT CAME IN THE NIGHT (continued)

President of the French Republic. A week later the messengers returned. The Queen looked through the replies, and, with a glitter of her eye, sent word that she would like a visit from the King. As she awaited His Majesty, she ordered Count B—— to proceed to A——, the seaport at which the yacht lay, with the promised message, to the owner of the *Circe*, to place the yacht at her immediate disposal, and to give her the secret of the button.

When the King came, his Queen told him that he would entertain a party of seven on a certain day next week, aboard her Majesty's yacht *Circe*.

She handed him the letters.

The King glanced through them and gasped.

When, however, the Queen told him the nature, as well as the name, of the yacht on which the conference was to take place, and precisely what the King was to do at a given moment in the negotiations, His Majesty sank down into a chair, and rang the bell for a glass of brandy.

"You seriously mean ——," he said, after sipping the liqueur.

The Queen nodded. "Seriously," she said.

"I seriously mean just this. You will be seated at the head of the table in the saloon of the yacht, with your guests around you. Drawn up formally will be a document—you can word it how you like—the purport of which will be that the Kings and rulers there assembled undertake to cease hostilities, and to order the commanders-in-chief of the Armies to withdraw from the occupied territories to within their own frontiers."

"But on what terms?"

"On no terms at all. Just let them agree to stop fighting and leave the terms to settle themselves. For my part, I would not have any Treaty at all."

"No Treaty? But there has never been a Peace without a Treaty."

"Quite true. And there has never been a Peace that has been lasting. The settlement of one war in the past has been but the prelude to the next war. That is because you can never have a Treaty that satisfies everybody. Let this war be the first in history to be ended without one."

The King shrugged his shoulders.

"You know that I will do anything that you command me, even unto the whole of my kingdom, to say nothing of my own insignificant person."

"If you should sacrifice it, as I am sure will not be necessary," said the Queen, "you will die in the most excellent company, and in a truly noble cause."

"Oh," said the King, "is there any dying really to be done?"

"There is a risk, as why should there not be, when the fates of nations are in the balance."

"Precisely how, then, does one die on this occasion?"

"This way."

The Queen explained to him the nature of the yacht, and the secret of the button.

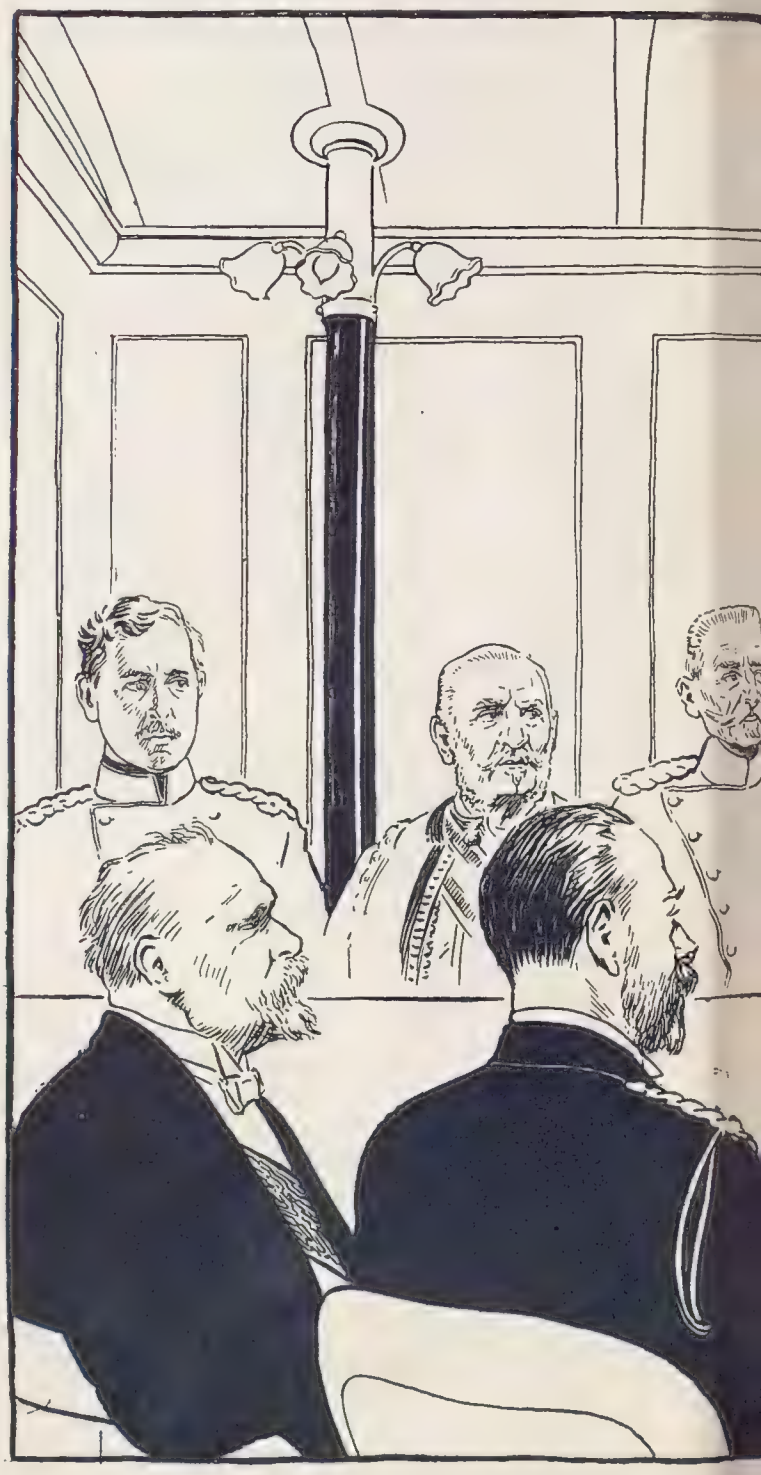
"At a given moment," she said, "you will threaten to press it. That is all."

"*Mère de Dieu!*" exclaimed the King. "But your word is law."

* * * * *

Somewhere in the Adriatic. Night. A calm sea.

A party of distinguished men in uniforms seated at a table in the saloon of a beautiful yacht. Three of the gentlemen are bearded, one has a moustache, which its owner persistently endeavours to keep pointed upward. Another—a very old gentleman—



"'It is madness—it
"'It is justice,' said t

has grey whiskers, and coughs persistently. There is a youngish, tall man, with fair moustache, and pale, thoughtful face; another elderly gentleman has a long white moustache; another is tall, grizzled, and fierce of looks. The heads of State of the Triple and the Dual *Ententes*. At the head of the table sits the King of the country which shall be nameless, the host of the party. In his hand he holds a "scrap of paper."

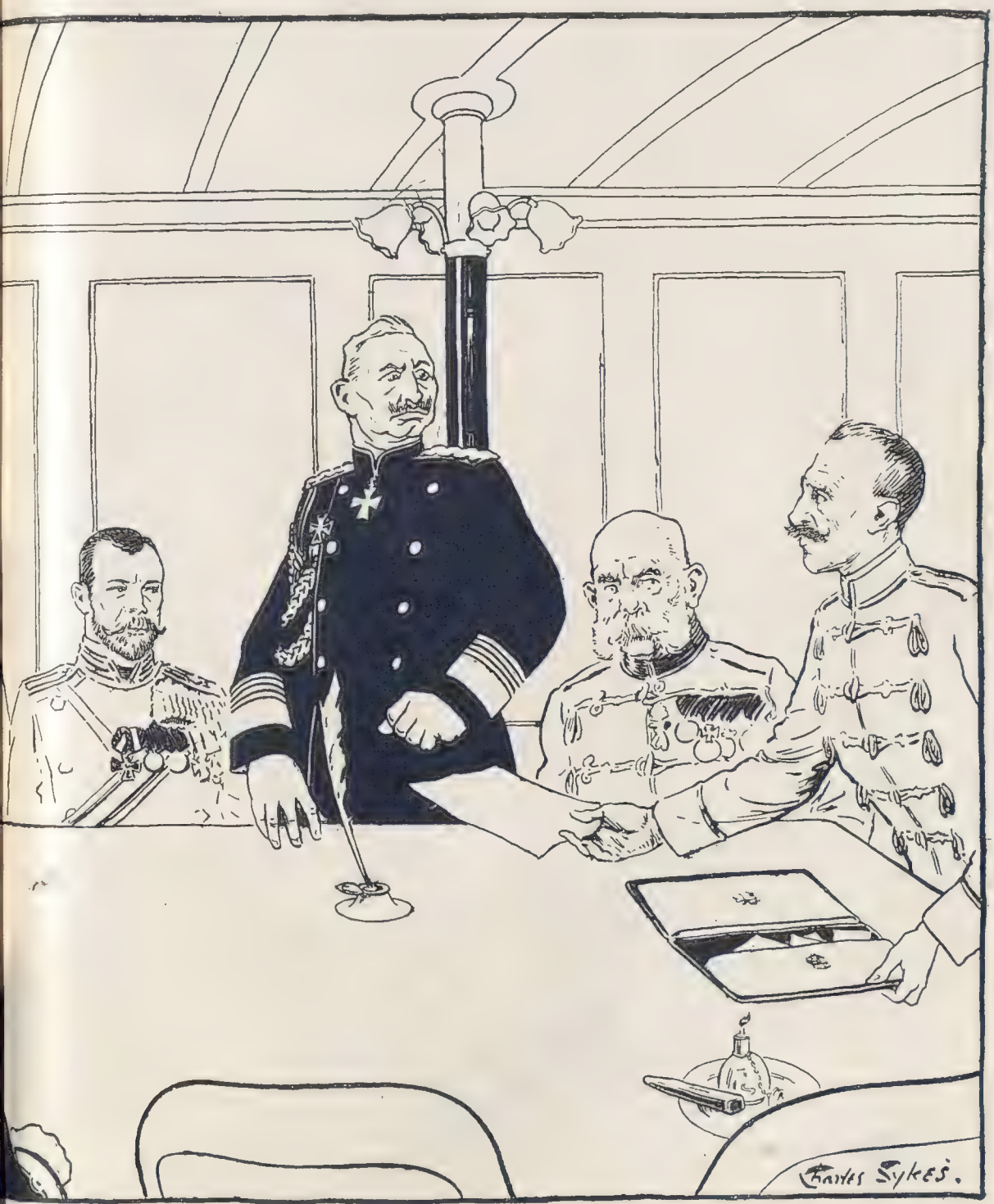
"This, Your Majesties and Your Excellency, is what I think you will agree to sign."

He hands the scrap of paper round the table. Each looks at it, puckers his brows, passes it on, and looks vacantly into space.

"It agrees merely that each of you gives an immediate order to the Commander-in-Chief of his army to cease hostilities, and for such armies as at present occupy territory that was not formerly theirs peacefully to withdraw from those territories to within their own frontiers."

The tall, fair, pensive young man glanced at the man with the *difficile* moustache. The grey-whiskered venerable glanced at one of the younger men with the short pointed beard.

"You retire from Belgium and France," said the King-President, to the man of the moustaches, "and you," to the man with the darker of the two short beards, "you, Sir, from Galicia."



possible—it is assassination,' said the man with the moustaches"
thers"

THE PEACE THAT CAME IN THE NIGHT (*concluded*)

"Never," said the man with the moustaches. "Never, without my price is paid."

"And I certainly not," replied the other, "until mine is paid."

"As none of the rest of us," remarked the older of the bearded men, who wore plain evening dress and the Legion of Honour, "occupy or hold anything that is not our own, we are only passively concerned."

"It is between you two, then," said the King-President to the men first addressed. "Will you sign this agreement here and now?"

"No," said the moustached one.

"Not unless he does," said the bearded one.

"I give you five minutes," said the King-President, "in which to make up your mind. If at the end of that time you have not signed——."

"What will you do?" challenged the moustached one. "You are too much of a gentleman to abuse hospitality. I am here as your guest, and I can command my safety."

The King-President spoke slowly.

"The laws of hospitality compel a host to respect the person of his guest, I agree. But nothing that I would do, Sir, in the event of refusal to sign this paper, would be in the nature of offence to your person alone. We should all—including myself, and everybody aboard this ship—participate in what happened. The various subjects of Your Majesties, and the citizens of your Excellency, have freely lain down their lives. What they do, you also should be prepared to do."

The company controlled their alarm with difficulty. But the King-President continued. "And I, though a neutral, am willing to sacrifice my life also in the noble cause of Peace."

"What is this you say about sacrifice of life?" said the man with the moustaches, impetuously. "I demand to know at once." He rose in his seat. His neighbours restrained him. The grey-bearded one at his side said:

"For my part, my life is willingly offered if peace with honour could be secured. Such a treaty as is proposed would be peace with honour—to return to things as they were and as they ought to have remained."

"I would sacrifice my life to be able to give my people back their country," said the fair young man.

"Speaking for myself," said another, "I would join the rest of you in Eternity at once if I thought the world would be the better for my removal."

The rest of the company bowed their assent.

"I am glad to find this agreement," said the King-President. "But I do not propose that we should all die to secure peace; I only warn you that we *shall* all die if there is *not* peace—if this treaty is not signed." He looked at his gold watch. "I ask your signature—yours, Sir, first"—he handed it to the man with the moustaches—"and if it is not attached, this ship and everybody aboard it will be at the bottom of the sea in less than sixty seconds."

"It is madness—it is impossible—it is assassination."

"It is justice," said the others, one after the other. "The treaty must be signed."

There was a second's pause. The moustached-one, haggard, trembling, suddenly seized the pen.

"So be it, then."

And the signature, "Wilhelm, King of Prussia, German Emperor," was placed beneath the simply worded screed on the scrap of paper. By its side immediately was placed that of "Nicholas, Emperor of Russia," then "George, King of Great Britain and Ireland," "Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary," "Raymond Poincaré, President of the French Republic," and the signatures of the Kings of Belgium, Serbia, and Montenegro.

As witness to the signatures, there was placed at the foot that of the King of Somewhere in the South. Then he took the Treaty, and touched a bell. Count B——, his Court Chamberlain, entered.

"Take a copy of it, Count, at once, and—order the captain to put in immediately for port—or, rather, not right into port, just into the roads."

"Why not right in?" asked the Kaiser, gruffly. "Haven't you done with us now?"

"No. We shall remain aboard, as I am sure you will all agree to be most desirable, until your respective orders to your various Cabinets and Commanders-in-Chief have been transmitted and we have received the news that they have been carried out. I propose that this document be more than a 'scrap of paper.'"

"And if some of the Governments," said the Kaiser, rather superciliously glancing at his British and French neighbours, "of you who are not military autocrats decline to carry out your commands. What then?"

"My orders to cease fighting," said one of those addressed, "will be carried out,"

"And mine," said the other. "It is only your Generals who may be difficult, Sir."

"*Tchut,*" snorted Wilhelm. "Of course they'll obey. If they don't—I propose to stay aboard this yacht until they do. And I hope I shall have the continued pleasure of your distinguished company?"

"We shall all remain on this yacht," said the King-President, "until all the orders have been obeyed. For the first time in the history of the world the rulers of Europe will adopt the principle of the strike."

"*Tchut,*" said the Kaiser, collapsing into his seat in a fit of hysterical laughter. "But it will really be rather good to have peace again, Niki."

He nudged the Tsar gently in the ribs and gave a side-glance at his cousin from England, who, however, preserved a complete passivity. The others signified their consent in sighs.

* * * * *

That night there was telegraphed from the capital of the kingdom somewhere in the South, by the Prime Minister thereof, to the heads of all the Cabinets at war the sensational announcement that—

"This day, aboard the steam yacht *Circè*, somewhere in the Mediterrancan, the Emperors of Germany and Austria on the one side, and the Emperors and Kings of Russia, Great Britain, Belgium, Serbia, and Montenegro, and the President of the French Republic agreed to order their Generals to stop the war and withdraw their armies to their own frontiers.

"Pending the carrying into practical effect of these orders by the Commanders-in-Chief of the Armies concerned Their Majesties and His Excellency will remain aboard the yacht.

"(*Signed*)

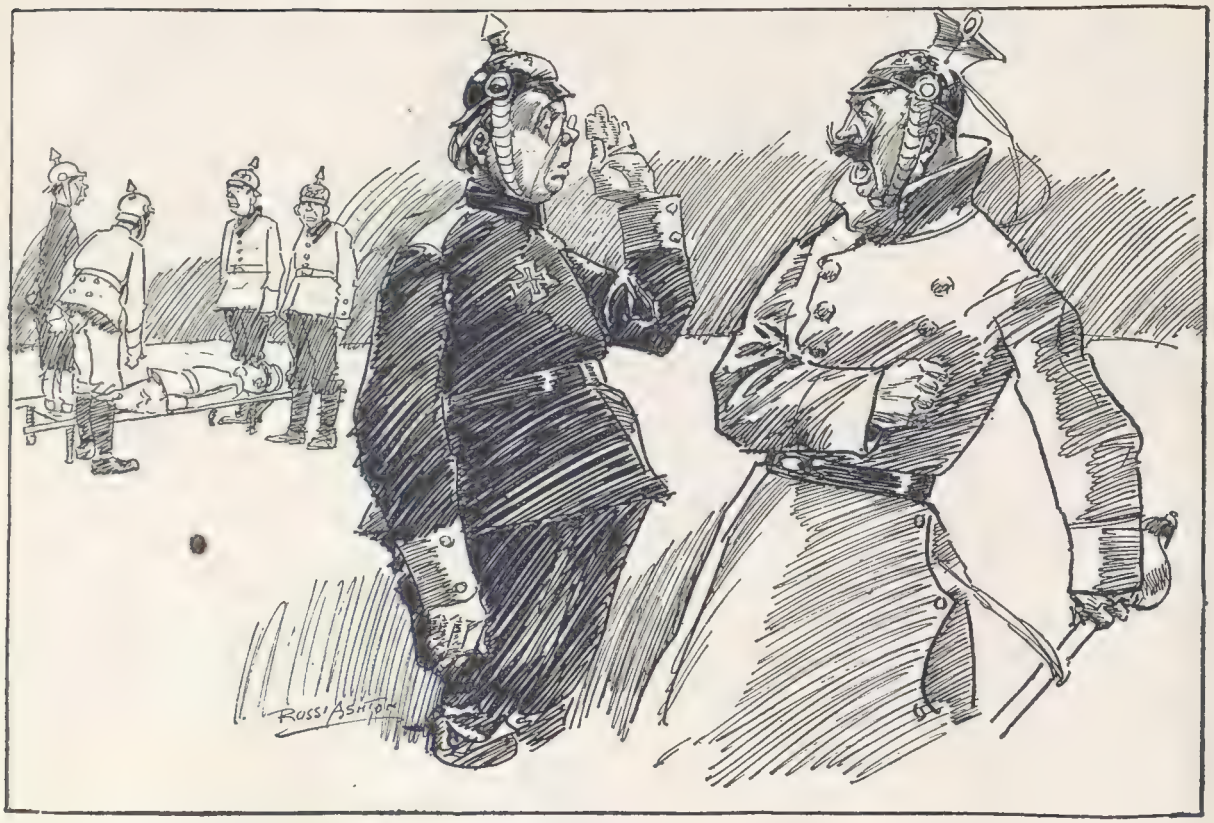
"M. . . . Prime Minister."

And that was how Peace came in the night.

Quite In His Element

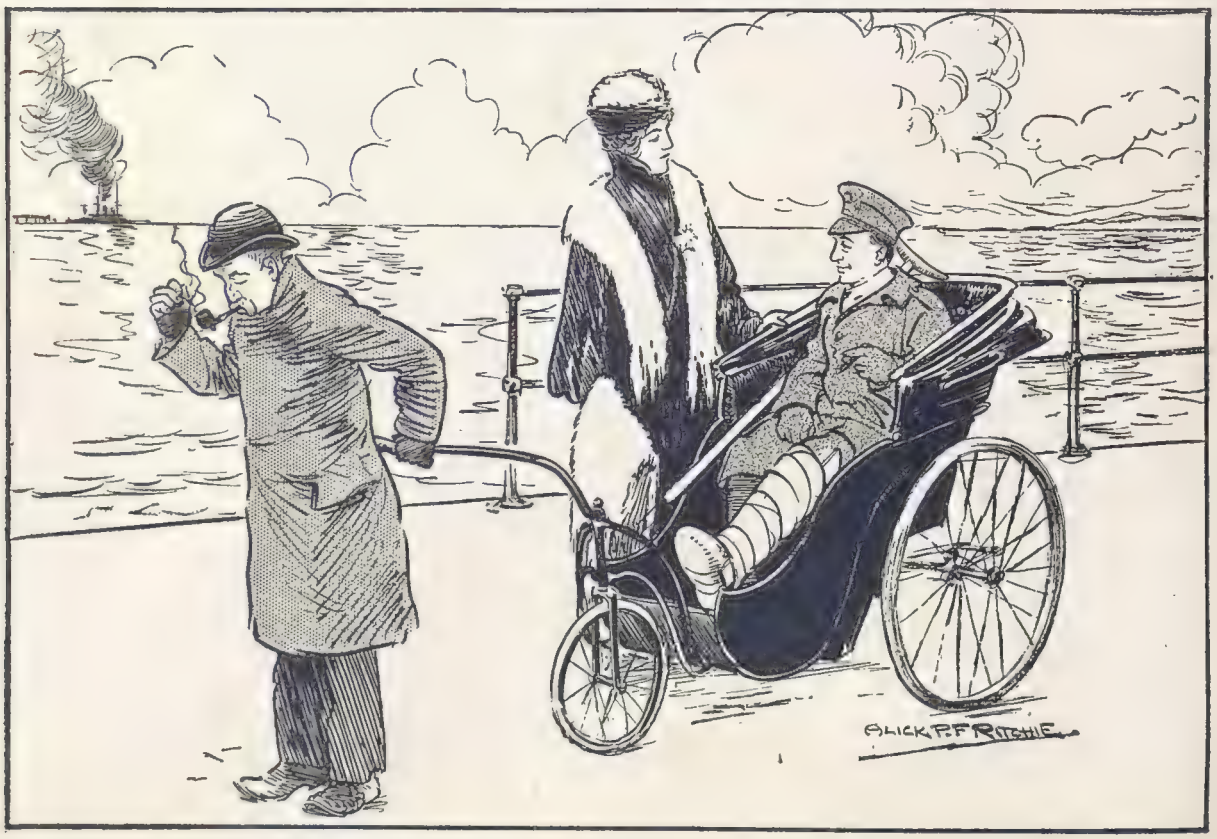
Unlike the majority of artists who are feeling the pinch of the war, Mr. Mahlstick, the famous animal painter, is finding the special knowledge which he has gained in the pursuit of his art most valuable just now

The Metal Shortage



"Von Splosh is killed, Sire"
"Well take away his Iron Cross and give him a wooden one"

Memories of the Truce



"And so you were injured on Christmas Day! How sad! Was it a bullet or a shell?"
"Oh, it was a kick. We played the Germans at footer, you know, and some of them are awful rough"

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"Zonneslag & Cie"

A NEW CRITERION PLAY HAS A BRIEF CAREER

BY "JINGLE"

NOT the least amusing feature of this "Comédie-Vaudeville" was the number of different kinds of French spoken during the piece—a detail that should appeal to students of that language who are conscientiously learning How Not To Do It. There were, to begin with, the difficulties of the *garçon* in respect of the modest French aspirate. He was perpetually being admonished for saying "*des zaricots*" instead of the more academic "*des haricots*." Then there was the decidedly provincial French of M. Vermeulen, the grocer, as contrasted with the more Parisian style of his daughter Eugènie. Zonneslag, himself, was objected to chiefly because he spoke French with a Flemish accent, which was very marked indeed; while a Venezuelan adventurer with a lengthy concatenation of names, gave his copious remarks a cleverly imitated Castilian inflection. And last, but by no means least, there were two English ladies who spoke French with the unmistakable and inimitable accent imparted in Seminaries for the Daughters of Gentlemen. Indeed, if only as an example of the amusing elasticity of "French as She is Spoke," this play had a distinct value as a linguistic tract for the times.

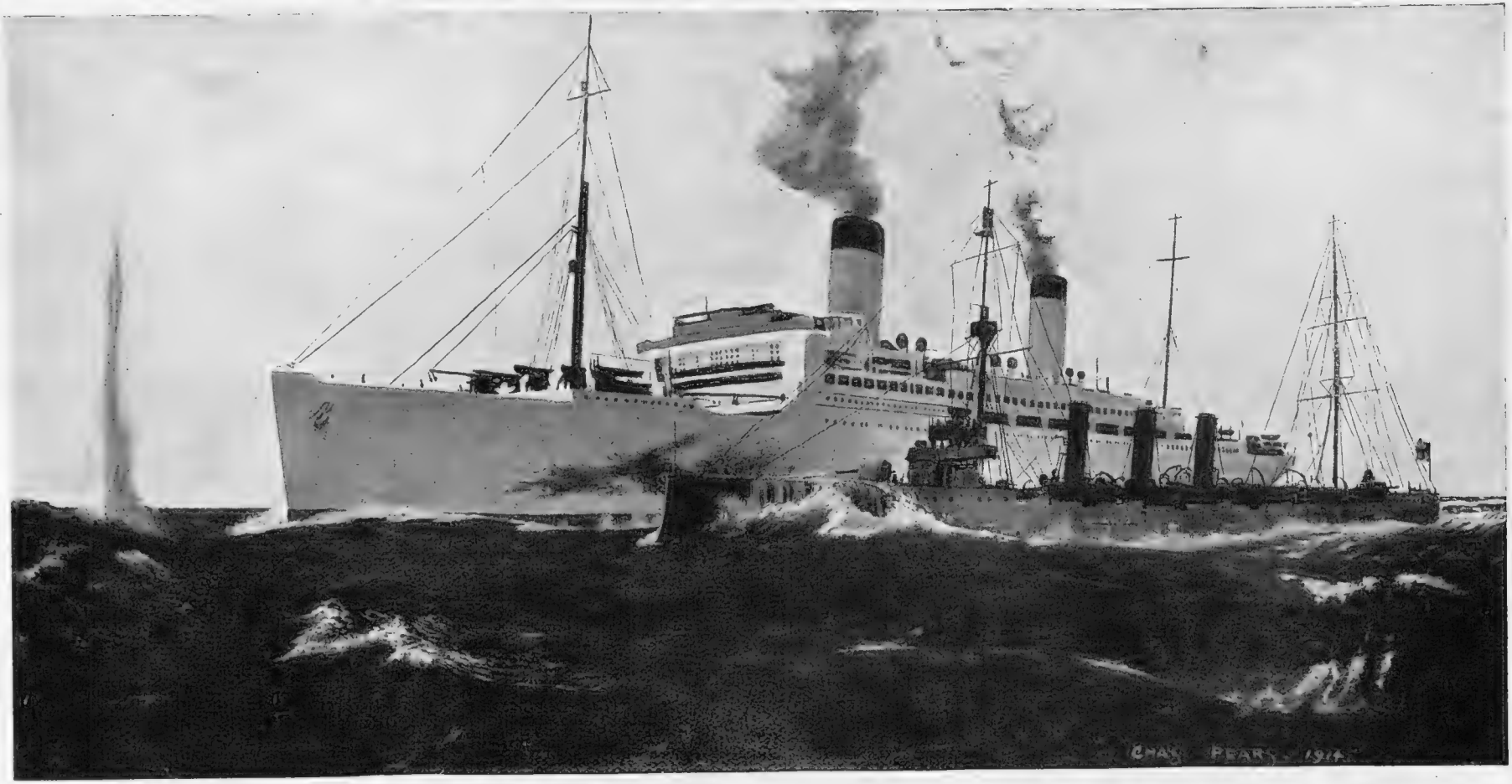
The indefatigable M. Libeau, who was highly diverting as the grocer Vermeulen (the Venezuelan gentleman called him "Vermoulu!") is also part-author of the play. Perhaps for that reason it seemed so obviously an actor's play, that is, the kind of entertainment in which everything is subordinated to "business." The ordinary dramatist thinks of his audience when writing a play; but the actor keeps his eye on the limelight all the time, and is not unnaturally a little dazzled in consequence. The story of the play was of the slightest. Vermeulen wished to marry his daughter Eugènie to the son of a powerful business rival, Zonneslag; but as soon as the sweet girl protested that she loved Another (as they invariably do), experienced playgoers knew that the objectionable alliance would not be insisted on at the finish. There remained accordingly only the "business" to keep the play moving, coupled with one or two little flashes in the dialogue which depended for their success not so much on what the actor said, as on the way he said it. When Eugénie tearfully protested that she hated "Zonneslag et Compagnie," and her father gently retorted that it was his idea that she should become the wife of Zonneslag alone, and not of the limited company, the unregenerate among us laughed aloud.

Indeed, but for M. Libeau's droll manner of delivery, much of the dialogue would have seemed quite childish. When Eugènie was sending picture postcards from Ostend her father's quiet reminder that it is usual to put a stamp on such missives in order to stand in well with the postal authorities, provoked a roar of laughter. Similarly, when, after a bout of tears, Eugènie appeared in company with all the signs of recent grief upon her pretty face, her father's explanation to his guest that she had just been peeling onions was quite enthusiastically received. On another occasion advantage was taken of the Venezuelan gentleman's pronunciation of Bolivar to inquire if he referred to the Boulevard Anspach, and this little reminder of home was evidently very welcome to the loyal *Bruxellois* present.

The Belgian plays at the Criterion Theatre are largely patronised by members of the Allied Forces

Zonneslag himself, represented by M. Desplas, was quite a desperately comic person. It appeared that his besetting weakness was "running after petticoats"—not, presumably, for the sake of the garments in question alone. Indeed, it was this failing that finally rendered him ineligible for the chaste hand of Eugènie. His playful fancy prompted him to take his camera to the sands at the bathing hour, and some of his victims in their resentment at being caught on the half-shell, as it were, pushed him into the water, in spite of the expensive magnificence of his holiday attire. *Zonneslag & Cie* had its interesting moments, but apart from the quiet and admirable humour of M. Libeau, it was hardly up to the high standard set by the Belgian players among us. JINGLE

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKIES



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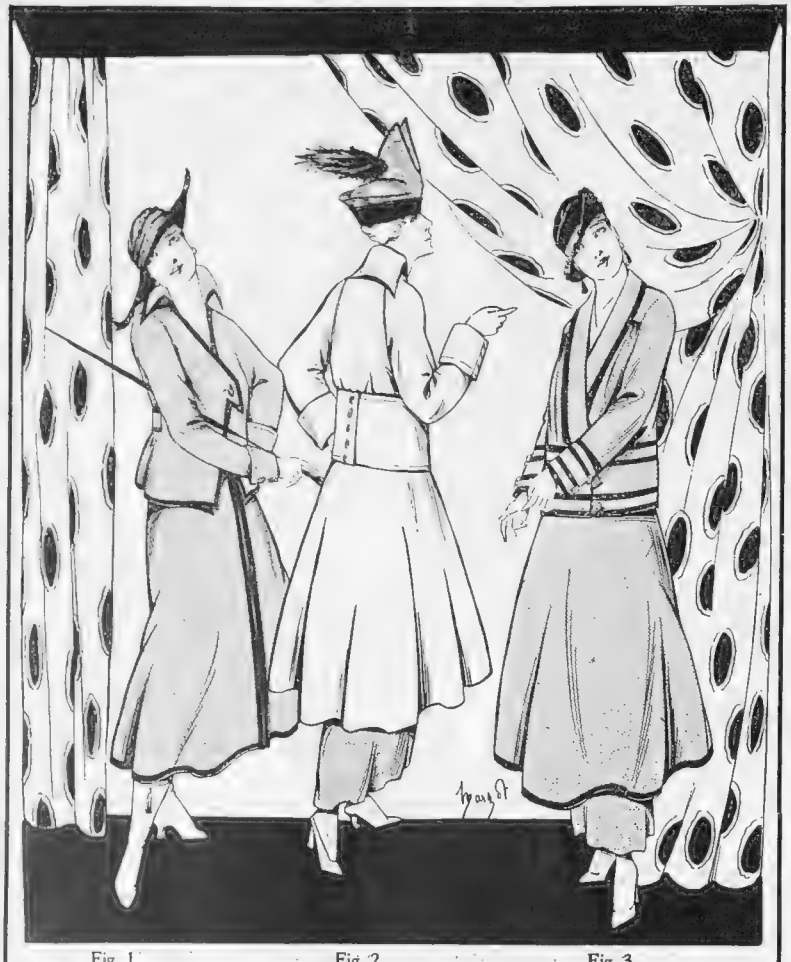

Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3.

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Figure 1.—Smart Costume for young ladies. Coat has new short effect with strap across back, bound round with silk braid; new short circular skirt, bound braid to match. In three sizes. In good quality Serge Coating - **79/6**
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New Sailor Hat of Moire Silk, lined liserie straw, small wings on brim - **49/6**

Figure 2.—Smartly Tailored Coat, in shades of Covert Coating, half-lined silk - - - - - - - - - - - - **63/-**
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Figure 3.—Perfectly Cut and Tailored Costume for young ladies, in good quality navy coating, bound with black silk braid. Skirt made with new long circular tunic. The short coat, which has the appearance of a deep belt, is edged braid and finished with black barrel buttons. In three sizes. Also in black **94/6**
Also in Covert Coating and Gab Cord - - - - - - - - **5½gns.**
New Hat in black taffeta, with white silk and cord trimming - - - **45/9**

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A Polyglot Play That Petered-out

Zonneslag & Cie, a "Comédie-Vaudeville," the dialogue of which was in several kinds of French and one or two varieties of English, was produced at the Criterion Theatre on the 22nd ult., and withdrawn a day or two later

Light Literature of the War

BY RALPH STRAUS

In Kulturland

Since the war began the poets have had their chance, and now the cartoonists have "got busy." The poems which adorn the columns of the *Times* have now become few and far between, and, strangely enough, not one of the poets has been given a Victoria Cross. The cartoon, it is true, has not yet appeared in the *Times*, but in most of the other papers it is to be found on almost every page.

Will Dyson on the Warpath

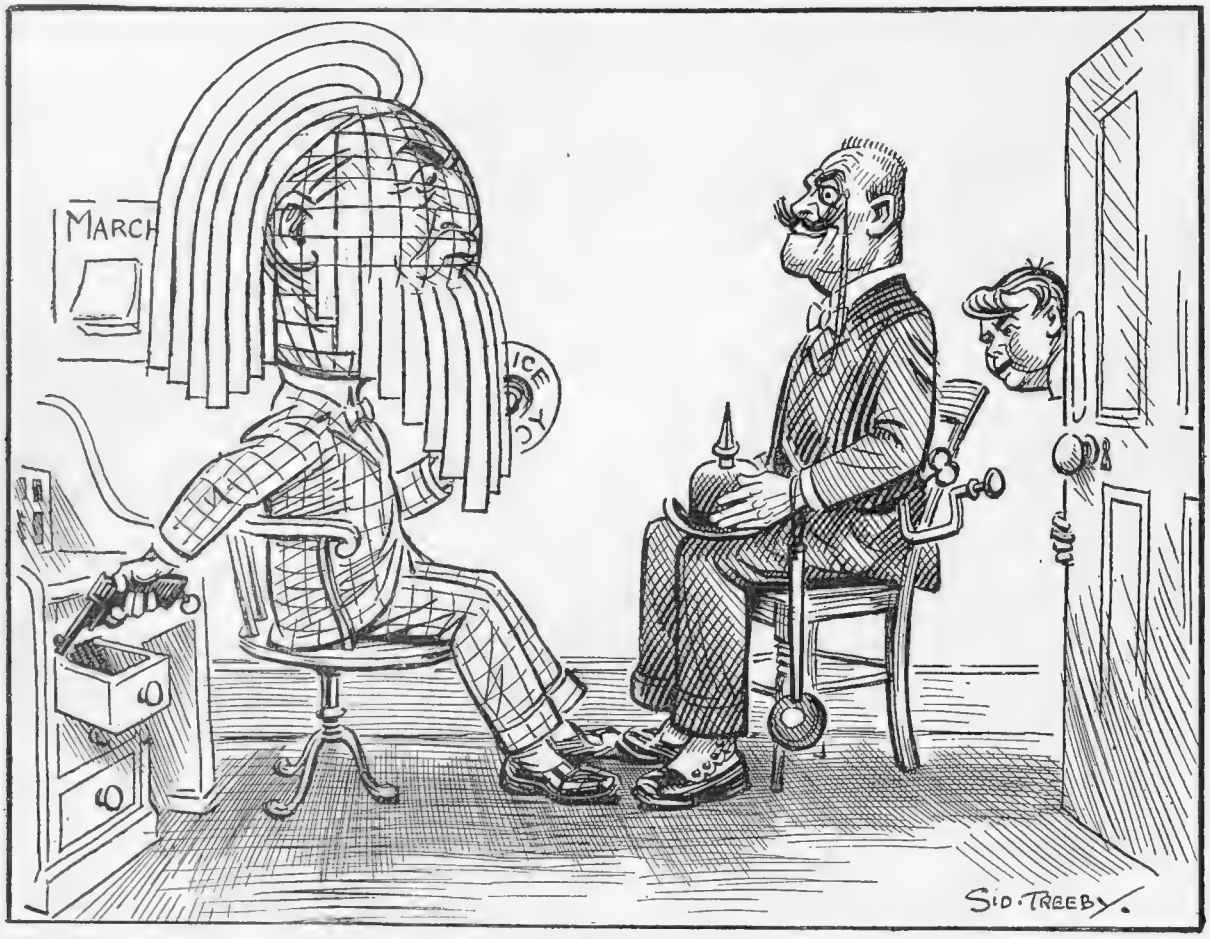
A few weeks ago the *Daily Mail* paid a big compliment to Mr. Will Dyson by reproducing one of his war-cartoons on a scale large enough to fill one of its pages. Together with nineteen others, this startling drawing may be seen in *Kultur Cartoons* (Stanley Paul: 2*s.* net.), which is one of the most remarkable of all the war publications to date. In a foreword Mr. H. G. Wells, who is becoming quite an adept at this kind of thing, happily points out that Mr. Dyson "responds to all the fearful pressure of this war in cartoons." Verily he responds with the heartiest goodwill. Those who are familiar with Mr. Dyson's peace cartoons will know what to expect. Little quarter is given, and everyone will echo Mr. Wells's cheerful wish that this brilliant cartoonist "were given the task of the Kaiser's Court painter." (One may wonder, however, why Mr. Dyson has given the face of Carlyle to one of the German professors. Did even that pro-German deserve such a fate?)

The Two Willies

The Kaiser is a short man: the Crown Prince is tall—yet if one thing is certain it is that a large number of Britons believe the converse to be true. This is Mr. W. K. Haselden's doing. For some months he has been amusing himself and his millions of readers in the *Daily Mirror* by drawing a series of cartoons dealing with the truly "frightful" deeds of the two Imperial Wilhelms. In these delicious sketches the Kaiser is invariably shown as a blustering giant, and his son as the thinnest of midgets. The best of these drawings have now been collected into a volume — *The Sad Adventures of Big and Little Willie* (Chatto: 1*s.* net). How Mr. Haselden keeps it up is a mystery, but kept it up he has until now, and, together with *Kultur Cartoons*, his book will long remain one of the most agreeable curiosities of the war.

A New Alice—

The burlesquers have also begun their good work, and, of course, the immortal Alice has been dragged in. Probably Lewis Carroll has been, and



QUITE (H)UNSUITABLE

THE WORLD (*to applicant for job as General Manager*) "Sorry I can't give you the position, Mr. Hun, notwithstanding the big premium you offer. Fact is, your qualifications—lying, theft, arson, murder, etc., are of no use to me whatever, my business being of a co-operative nature. Good-day! Boy, show this—er, gentleman out!"

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will be, responsible for more skits and parodies on his work than any other author. Both the Carpenter and the Walrus are such admirable characters to burlesque; they positively cry for new faces. And so we have *Malice in Kulturland* (*The Car*: 1s. net), by Horace Wyatt, with very jolly alterations to Tenniel's pictures by a skilful artist who signs himself W. Tell. Alice is her old self, but all her friends are changed. The Huns, of course, are slithy, and they sturm and sturgel through the sludge. Tweedledum and his twin are naturally metamorphosed into Francis and Joseph of the Dual Monarchy. Big Willie, to use Mr. Haselden's nickname, has several important parts to play. He is the Kaiserhog, who prumples through the tulgey wood and blasphies as he comes; he is the Carpenter; he is the Red King; he is, very naturally, Old Father William; he is the unfortunate White Knight; and, finally, he is the Judge. Most amusing of all, perhaps, is the irritating cat which used to disappear so oddly; he is now transformed into a Russian bear—not a real one, as the Duchess points out, but only a rumour. Mr. Wyatt's verses are most amusing, and, indeed, the whole skit might well have been longer.

A MESSAGE FROM MA
—Or the parcel from home that got delayed in the post

—And a New Omar

Omar Khayyám is another author who, since Fitzgerald's version of him appeared, has been in constant demand by the parodists. *The Rubáiyát of William the War Lord* (Grant Richards: 1s. net), by St. John Hamund, is doubtless only the first of many similar attempts. It certainly contains many telling lines, and has some quaint decorations by Scott Calder. R. S.

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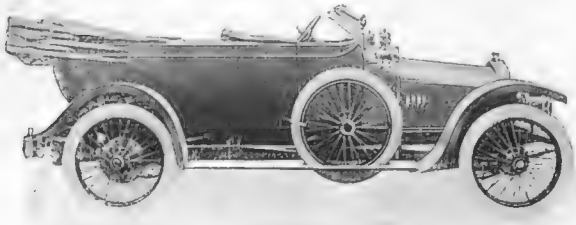

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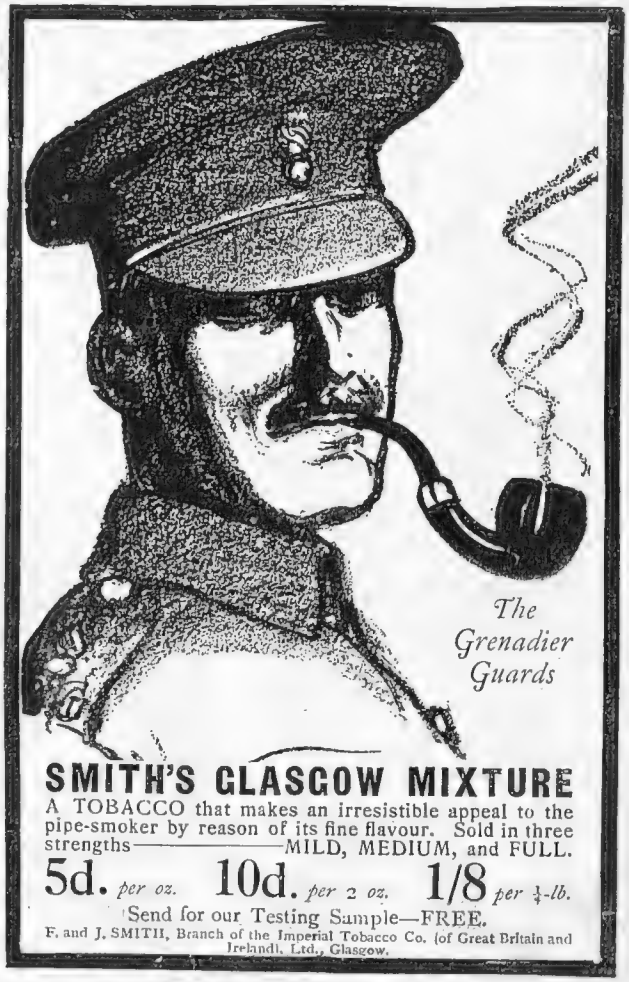

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Motoring: The Downfall of the Dirigible

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A Confidence Trick?

THE stars in their courses do not seem to bring many feathers to the cap of our ancient friend, Count Zeppelin—if he and all concerned will pardon my tragic essay in metaphor. If something does not happen soon, the Count will be taking his few grey hairs in sorrow to the grave amid the objurgations of the people who came to cheer and remained to curse. Indeed, the gentle German must by now be wondering whether, after all, the great dirigible is entirely unrelated to the confidence trick. I have for the last year or two hazarded the guess that the Zeppelin was intended to act as a war tonic upon the soul of frightfulness and as a mask for the rapid construction of the heavier-than-air machine, quite as much as a potential weapon of offence. As a concrete expression of the Germany-over-all idea I daresay it was very useful—when the weather was fine and they could venture to let the cumbersome beast loose. Of course, the succession of disasters which overtook the Zeppelins in peace-time should have given the people an inkling of the limitations of their gaseous idols; but popular idols take a lot of breaking, and, as we have seen over the last six months, German culture does not necessarily mean German intelligence.

* * *

A Surprising Failure

A short while back a Zeppelin reached England, killed a little bootmaker and a child, and probably returned safely. Whereat there was a loud outcry from Germany at the success, and in England at the prospect. I (brave lad!) ventured to remain unconvinced that so meagre a victory (a victory mainly over the handicaps inherent in the Zeppelin itself) gave us any warrant for trembling. After six months of mud, blood, and braggadocio, the Zeppelin had the equivalent of nothing to its credit. Why this should have been so is one of those things no feller can understand, except upon the hypothesis that the Zeppelin is felt to be a failure as a biter, however efficient it may be as a barker. The two dirigibles (one at least of which was a Zeppelin) which recently met Boreas the rude blowing off ole England, and went to untimely endings as a result, indicated the limitations of these gasbags. One after the other their motors broke down merely in the effort to keep an even keel running before the wind. So I gather.

* * *

Prospects Not Rosy

Certainly I never expected engine failure under those conditions. Neither did any of the experts. Which only goes to prove that one never knows. The engines did fail, and that's the happy fact; and both being then helpless, lost the numbers of their mess for good and all, Germany lost two more of its darlings, and Zeppelin at least one more of his ill-starred babes. At this rate the Count will soon be childless. There are, of course, more Zeppelins, and, given luck and a dark night, they may yet do some damage even in England if they can risk the weather. But if the weather is adverse they stand as much chance as a ship's fireman in celluloid dungarees, and their hope of getting clear if spotted by aeroplanes is not too rosy. On the whole, the Zeppelin in practice is the big swindle of the war.

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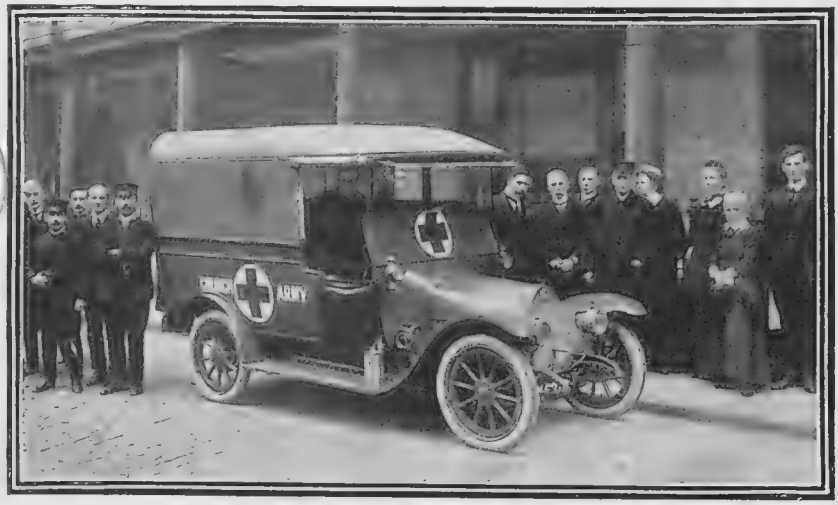

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One of the great TOOTAL line of Guaranteed Wash Cottons. TARANTULLE is as dependable as delightful.

For dainty home-sewn Lingerie or Baby Wear

you will find both instant and lasting satisfaction in Tarantulle. This perfectly-woven fabric sews easily, washes splendidly, amply repays the finest stitchery. At once exquisite and economical for Trousseaux or Layettes.

Standard Weight, 9d., Fine 1/-, Superfine 1/3 per yd. All 40 in. wide. Write for Free Patterns

If unable to obtain Tarantulle at your drapers', send order and remittance to us, and we will see it is attended to. Address: "TOOTALS," Dept. C7, 132 Cheapside, London, E.C.

TARANTULLE UNDERCLOTHING made by D. H. EVANS & CO.'s IRISH PEASANT WORKERS

LOT. 300.

Example of Irish Peasant-made Set of Lingerie in STANDARD weight TARANTULLE, to be seen at Messrs. D. H. EVANS & Co.'s. This one is trimmed fine Swiss Embroidery.

Nightdress, **8/6**; Combinations, **7/6**; Chemise, **6/11**; Knickers, **4/-**; Camisole, **4/6**.

PATTERNS OF TARANTULLE ON REQUEST.

D. H. EVANS & CO. Ltd.,
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FOR TARANTULLE READYMADES OR BY THE YARD

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE WORLD'S BEST CAR.

THE HUMBLEST MOTORIST TAKES RATHER MORE THAN A FLEETING INTEREST IN THE ROLLS-ROYCE, NOT ONLY BECAUSE IT PROBABLY STANDS FOR THE SUMMIT OF HIS EARTHLY AMBITION, BUT BECAUSE OF THE WHOLLY COMPLIMENTARY WAY IN WHICH THE NAME IS FINDING AN ABIDING PLACE IN THE LANGUAGE AS A SYNONYM FOR THE CLIMAX OF POWER AND POETRY IN MOTION, THE UNION UNIQUE OF ALL THE CARDINAL VIRTUES IN AUTOMOBILISM.

—*The Daily News and Leader*, January 15, 1915.

ROLLS-ROYCE, LIMITED, 14 and 15, Conduit Street, London, W.

Telegrams—"Rolhead." Reg., London. Telephones—Gerrard 1654 (3 lines).

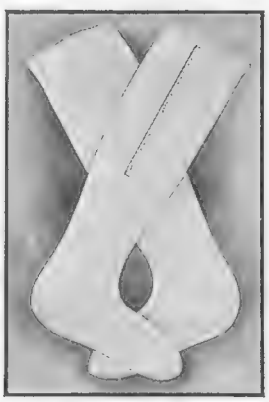
And at PARIS, 102, Avenue des Champs-Elysees. PETROGRAD, Wladimir Alexeieff, 62, Quai Anglais.

NEW YORK, R. W. Schuette, 236, West 54th Street, and Messrs. Brewster, 5th Avenue and 53rd Street.

MADRID, Carlos de Salamanca, 3, Ventura Rodriguez. BOMBAY, Hughes Road, Cumballa Hill.

"For the Comfort of our Soldiers at the Front."

CHAMOIS LEATHER SOCKS FOR THE TRENCHES



The Socks ensure perfect circulation and absolute warmth, entirely doing away with Frost-bite. They have proved the greatest comfort and protection to Officers at the Front.

PRICE **8/6.**

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71-72, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.

(5 Doors from St. James's Street).

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Eckford's

GIANT SWEET PEA

THE ECONOMY OF ECKFORD'S SEEDS.

THE circumstances of this present year emphasize a point which has been well-established in the many years during which Eckford's Seeds have been bought and sown—namely, their **ECONOMY.** We have every confidence in claiming that **Eckford's Seeds represent the truest economy in gardening,** and that should form a powerful addition to the many sound reasons why Eckford's Seeds should be preferred by gardeners who wish to secure the maximum result with a minimum expenditure.

What is the object of the gardener in sowing seeds? Certainly not to fill his flower-borders and vegetable plots with stunted plants, weedy growths and weaklings; he does not aim at "bare patches." No, his great hope is for an abundance of glorious bloom produced on strong, healthy, plants, and a "record" crop of best vegetables, and to secure these there is no questioning that "quality" of seed counts first.

Special Sweet Pea Collections for 1915.

VILLA "A" COLLECTION.
50 Splendid Varieties, 25 seeds each, exquisite for garden effect and cutting. All free flowering and strong. A fine range of colour. Price 10/-. Post Free for Cash.

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24 Varieties. A splendid range of colour for garden effect and cutting. 50 seeds of each. Price 5/6, Post Free for Cash.

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12 Splendid Waved Varieties, excellent for any purpose, fine for exhibition. 12 seeds of each. Price 2/9, Post Free for Cash.

FREE.

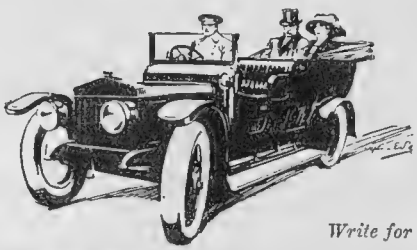
Send Post-card to-day for Large ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. It gives all particulars of the NEW SWEET PEAS for 1915, and contains a full List of ALL FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS necessary for your garden.

We also send a specially-written Booklet on the Culture of Sweet Peas FREE with each Collection.

HENRY ECKFORD, F.R.H.S., The Sweet Pea House (Dept. 79), **WEM, SHROPSHIRE.**

A Good Driver is Not Enough

He needs a tool in contact with the road that will make his skill effective—something that will transform his idea of safety into *actual safety actions*. The motoring instrument that will do this better than any other is the "*Safety*" Tread tyre. Therefore equip with



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GOODRICH
SAFETY TREAD **TYRES**

THE B.F. GOODRICH CO., LTD.,
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The

salient features of the

BUICK
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Delco Self-starting and Lighting.
Beautifully Sprung Chassis.
Attractive Coachwork. :: ::

The Delco Electrical System is a standard fitting to all models. No other car selling at the Buick price has it, and no other car offers such value. Inspection at our Showrooms is cordially invited.

BUICK MODELS.

15-18 h.p. 2-seater	£235
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BEDFORD-BUICK MODELS.
(British-bui't coachwork.)

15-18 h.p. Empress Victoria...	£285
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Complete equipment, including DELCO Self-starting and Lighting and Michelin Tyres.

GENERAL MOTORS (EUROPE), LTD.,
BEDFORD HOUSE, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Telephone—Gerrard 9626 (3 lines).
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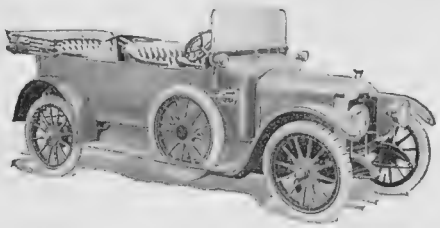


ALL MATERIALS COST MORE
BUT THE PRICE OF THE FAMOUS

12 H.P. ROVER
CAR

£350

WILL NOT BE ALTERED.

THE ROVER COMPANY, Ltd.,

Meteor Works, COVENTRY
and at
59-61, New Oxford St., LONDON, W.C. & 16, Lord Edward St., DUBLIN.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY IN LIGHTING

Write now for booklet and particulars.

SPENSERS Ld. 53 "B," Sth. Molton St., London, W. and 119, George St., Edinburgh.

GREAT ADVANCE WITH ORDINARY PETROL

Spensers' famous "Silverlite" Model fitted with their "Duplex" Carburettor gives wonderful results.

A 40-light installation for a running cost of 1/- per week!

A SOFT BUT PERFECT LIGHT.

Silent Burners with Automatic Lighting Switch render the system perfect.

SPENSERS, The Pioneers of Petrol Gas Lighting, have fitted up several thousand installations, and in addition have adapted over 100 plants of other makes to their system, showing a saving of from 50 to 75 per cent. per annum.

Foreign Agents { MOFFAT-VIRTUE, Ltd., 352, Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W. ANDERSONS, Ltd., Christchurch, N.Z.

Fashions made in England

HOW THE HOME-DESIGNED MODEL HAS PROGRESSED

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THE old proverb that necessity is the mother of invention does not account to the extent which might be imagined for the fact that a large percentage of the new season's models are designed in this country. This home-designing has been developing on appreciably increasing lines for several seasons, long prior to the war, and the public have only themselves to blame for not finding this out. The parrot-cry for French models, and only French models, could not possibly be disregarded, and the smart salesman (or woman) blandly tacked on the tag, "French," to models created in English workrooms. But even this justifiable subterfuge is no longer necessary, for, although a number of Paris houses are open, the English buyers are not finding a great deal of interest there, since ultra-smart dressing is "off" in England, as it is in Paris, the chief buyers of models being Americans. Consequently, the many very able creators at home are in a position to lay their cards on the table and dispense with bluff.

Aluminium Embroidery in connection with Navy Serge

A particularly clear case is made out at the Regent Street house of Peter Robinson, an establishment with a long time reputation for recognising only the best and most refined in the realms of dress. Here there is a selection of exclusively thought-out coats and skirts, modelled, as goes without saying, in accordance with the latest decrees, but always with some touch that carries them away at once from the ordinary. Such is the case with the pictured example, a suit of the finest navy serge, arranged with that most charming of tunics—one which terminates on either side of a narrow panel front. The accentuated side flare thus obtained is delightful, while the panel is brought into prominence by a serried line of self-covered buttons. The *chic* little coat is a perfect *sacque*, set from a square-shaped yoke, and with a narrow band threaded through slots quite low down. There is no *raison d'être* for this belt, but, nevertheless, it strikes just the right note, as does also the picturesque roll collar of black satin, lightly and delicately embroidered with aluminium thread, a stitchery that promises to have a *succès fou*.

NAVY SERGE SUIT

With tunic terminating on either side of a panel front, sacque coat, and roll collar of black satin embroidered with aluminium thread

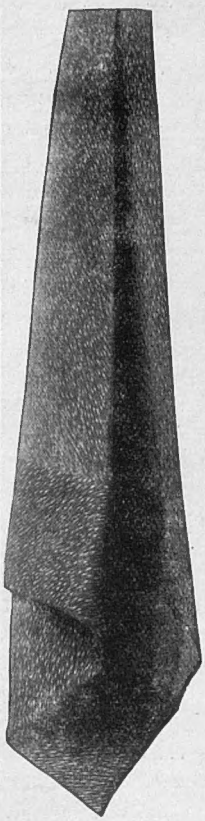
SKETCHED AT PETER ROBINSON'S, REGENT STREET, BY DOROTHY MILLAR

A word of praise is likewise due to the accompanying *chapeau*, a small piquant affair of black taffeta, trimmed with ever so effective a wreath of hand-made taffeta flowers in varied and rather startling colourings—small pink roses in juxtaposition to small marigolds, blue wheat, and vivid green leaves.

At this Regent Street house of Peter Robinson exclusively designed coats and skirts are made to order from 6½ guineas. The firm are, furthermore, making a great feature of some smart sand-coloured cord cloths at 5½ guineas, and are particularly well-equipped with black models, mourning, it will doubtless be recalled, having been a long time speciality at Regent Street.

Modish Millinery at Accessible Prices

Much water has passed under the bridges since Messrs. D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, made millinery a leading theme, and to-day the firm stand second to none in prodigality of choice and supreme good taste. On the ground floor the untrimmed millinery occupies



For Fashionable Mourning:

Courtauld's

Waterproof

CRAPE

can be had

(1) In the usual firm finish,

or

(2) In a soft finish.

The latter is particularly suitable for trimming soft dress materials.

TO BE OBTAINED FROM THE LEADING DRAPERS OF THE WORLD.

When buying Service kit or new season's shirts ask your Outfitter to show you

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

It incorporates the qualities most desirable in a material for day and night wear. Soft and light, yet warm and chill-preventing, "Viyella" is very durable, washes well and does not shrink. "Viyella" Shirts can be obtained ready-to-wear or made-to-measure in a variety of artistic patterns and shades, including regulation greys and khakis, and is made in light, medium and heavy-weight.

OF ALL GOOD-CLASS OUTFITTERS.

If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining, please write for patterns and information to

Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (wholesale only), 3a, Viyella House, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

The CHILD'S War Dictionary.

DREADNOUGHT—I dread no measles—I dread no rash—I dread nought—because Nurse gives me a bath each night with

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap.

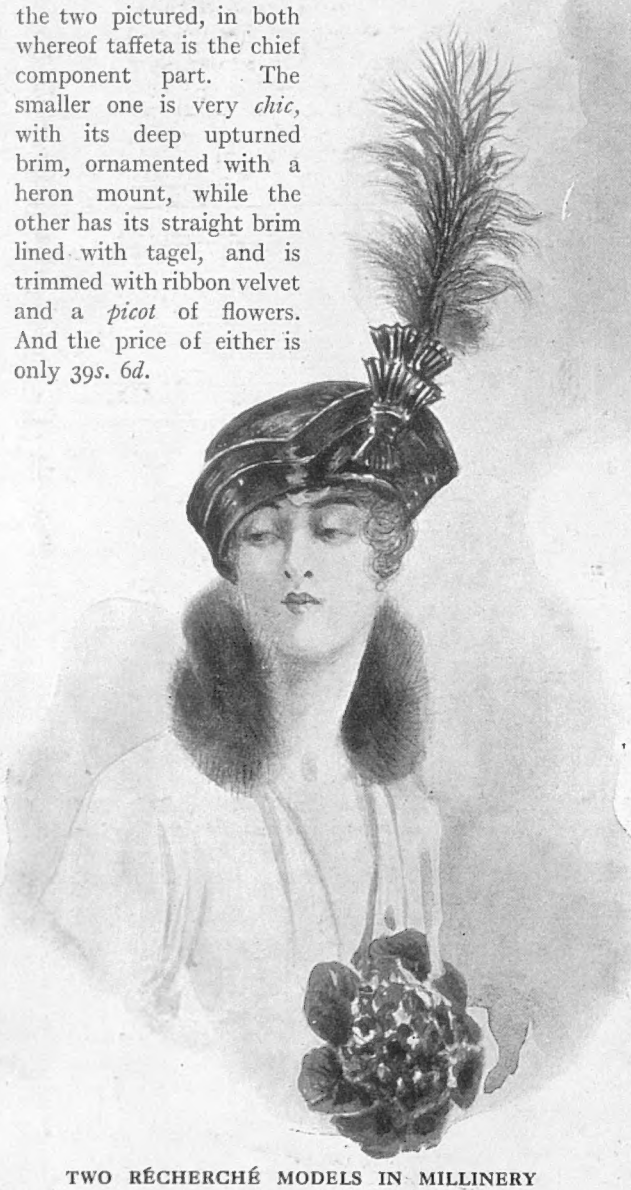
4d. per Tablet.

Protects from Infection.

Parents are invited to write for a copy of WRIGHT'S FIRST PRIMER. It is an attractive Picture Book for Children, and contains 24 pages of Humorous Drawings printed in Colours, with simple words appended for the child to learn. Sent FREE on receipt of 1d. stamp for postage. Address —"PRIMER," WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, 44/50, Southwark Street, London, S.E

a large amount of space, while, on the next, semi-trimmed and smart fully trimmed models are to be found in equally generous array. It may be said, with a very considerable amount of truth, that all tastes and purses are taken into the closest consideration at D. H. Evans', a comparatively recent exploitation being an exhaustive choice in hats at 12*s.* 9*d.* It is wholly impossible in a pen description to do adequate justice to these models. There is, for example, one arranged with a tagel crown and a straight brim—the favourite sailor *genre*—entirely composed of ribbon laid in vertical lines, the one over the other and closely stitched down, a small cluster of roses resting on the brim either side. Another is of *toque* form in nigger straw, draped with Morland blue *moiré* ribbon, quite charming for a young girl's wear.

Again, among the most *récherché* little models are the two pictured, in both whereof taffeta is the chief component part. The smaller one is very *chic*, with its deep upturned brim, ornamented with a heron mount, while the other has its straight brim lined with tagel, and is trimmed with ribbon velvet and a *picot* of flowers. And the price of either is only 39*s.* 6*d.*



TWO RÉCHERCHÉ MODELS IN MILLINERY

SKETCHED AT D. H. EVANS AND CO., OXFORD STREET, BY DOROTHY MILLAR, AND DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Corded ribbon is much in evidence on millinery this season, and proved conspicuously successful in the case of a model seen in these *salons*, carried throughout in *tête de nègre*, a *nuance* that can still do no wrong, corded ribbon binding the upturned brim to an appreciable depth, and also fashioning a smart *cocarde*. Satin straw is responsible for an exceptionally seductive turban *toque*, which carries one of the new square wings, an ornamental novelty that at once marks a piece of headgear as of the season. In fact, the way the whole millinery question is plumbed by D. H. Evans reflects the highest credit on all concerned. It is a resource the most exigeant may command with the utmost confidence.

Messrs, Rowe and Co., 106, New Bond Street

In our issue dated February 17 there was shown in these columns the picture of a little girl's frock. This model, it will doubtless interest many mothers to learn, is being made by Messrs. Rowe of the above address. A prettier adaptation of the firm's renowned Kate Greenaway suits for little boys could not be imagined, and Messrs. Rowe have, in all probability, struck a similar success with this little girl's frock.

Uniforms for Civilian Volunteers

The question of uniforms for the Volunteer Training Corps is one that has been engaging the attention of the authorities for some considerable time, and they have at last decided that uniforms may be worn made of green-grey cotton drills. The firm of Harry Hall, of 207, Oxford Street, W., and 149, Cheapside, E.C., specialise in all uniforms, and have given that of the Volunteer Training Corps their particular attention. Readers will do well, before placing their orders elsewhere, if unable to call to write for patterns, prices, and simple self-measurement form. A perfect fit is guaranteed if this form is filled in with ordinary care. Mufti suits and overcoats in great variety can also be obtained from this firm from three guineas, as usually sold elsewhere from four to five guineas.

Hotel Accommodation Up to Date

The latest ideas in hotel organisation and some entirely new features are described in the tariff booklet (a copy of which may be had on application) of the New Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. The building forms a fine corner block, and occupies a pleasant site in a convenient position. There are upwards of 250 letting rooms, all large, light, and airy, giving equally good accommodation for the single traveller or for the largest party, for one night or for permanent residence. Some

Age and Beauty

THE complexion and appearance of youth can be maintained well into the forties by those ladies who take proper care of their skins.

Soap containing free alkali should never be used, as it is a prolific cause of wrinkles and other facial blemishes.

The finest skin preservatives known to science are Palm Oil and Olive Oil. The knowledge of their beautifying qualities dates back to the days of the Roman Empire.

Many of the world's most beautiful women have ascribed their charms to the practice of bathing their skins with these oils. In a cake of

PALMOLIVE

soap exist all the virtues of Palm Oil and Olive Oil, in an easily usable form.

It not only cleanses, but also preserves and beautifies the skin—it is so pure that a newly born babe can be washed with it—so fragrant that its scent has been described as being like a breath from the Orient.

There is no free alkali, no artificial colouring in PALMOLIVE. Made from these vegetable oils it is the purest of pure soaps.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the chemist's for 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps with name and address.

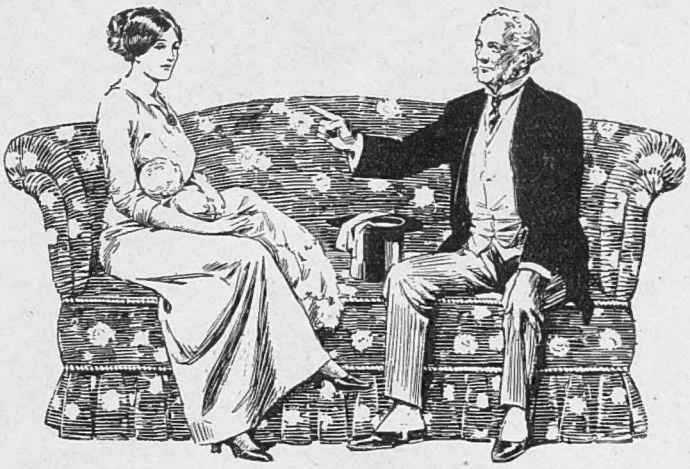
The B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., 124, Holborn, London, E.C.

By Appointment *to H.M. the King.*

"JUST TWO WORDS!"

NESTLÉ'S MILK

for yourself and Baby.



Don't — as you value your child's life — experiment with "foods" of unknown composition; the lives of millions of children have been lost in that way.

Try NESTLÉ'S MILK first.

To enable you to judge what the result is likely to be, send for "NESTLÉ'S BABY BOOK," giving the experience of hundreds of grateful parents in their own words, post free from

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

Ask your Grocer or Stores' Manager how you can send, carriage paid, tins or a case of Nestlé's Milk to the front. Our troops appreciate it tremendously.

THE "DAILY GRAPHIC"
GIVES A
£1,000 Insurance to all its Readers.
The Coupon need not be signed.

FRODSHAM

Watches, Wristlet Watches, Speedometers
27, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.

A CONTINENTAL SPA "CURE" IN YOUR OWN HOME.

Thermal Baths with

ANTURIC BATH SALTS

for Gout
Rheumatism
Lumbago
Sciatica, etc.

Per Tin, 1s. 6d.

Send for free booklet, "The Mystery of Gout," etc.

Wholesale: Sangers, 258, Euston Road, London.

For Infants, Invalids and the Aged.

BENGER'S

A FOOD of great nutritive value, which can be made suitable for any degree of digestive power by the simple process of letting it stand for a longer or shorter time at one stage of its preparation.

Benger's Food is therefore pre-eminently suited for Infants and Invalids and all whose digestive powers have become weakened by illness or advancing age.

Benger's Food is obtainable throughout the World of Chemists, &c.

Sole Manufacturers: BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

BRANCH OFFICES: NEW YORK (U.S.A.); 92, William St. SYDNEY (N.S.W.): 117, Pitt St.
CANADIAN AGENTS: National Drug and Chemical Co., Ltd., 34, St. Gabriel St., MONTREAL, and branches throughout CANADA.

B148

of the suites can be let unfurnished. The *cuisine* is especially fine, and the hotel is organised to run successfully on a scale of charges which is remarkably low for the value given.

"Willowcraft" Toys

As an example of the way in which novel ideas can be engrafted upon an old industry, the goods of Messrs. Willowcraft, Ltd., of 3, Central Buildings, Westminster, have a special attraction. The industry which the firm are exploiting is basket-making and willow-work, and in the adaptation of it to children's playthings they have certainly hit upon a happy idea. The accompanying illustration shows one of their cleverest toys, a miniature "shop" 6ft. long by 5ft. high and 3ft. deep, which can be set up in a few minutes anywhere, and should prove a source of joy to many young hearts. With two little chairs thrown in it costs only 35*s*.

PLAYING AT "SHOPS"

A novel wicker-work toy made by Messrs. Willowcraft, Ltd.

A Practical Gift to the Red Cross

As a further earnest of their patriotic desire to advance the welfare and comfort of our troops, Messrs. Burberrys, the well-known military and sporting tailors, of the Haymarket, have presented to the Red Cross Society a motor soup kitchen of remarkably compact and serviceable design, mounted on a 30-cwt. Vulcan commercial chassis, which will be invaluable for supplying hot soup, coffee, and other restoratives to those "in the thick of it." It is made to a special specification, approved by the Society and supervised by the engineer of the Royal Automobile Club, and the internal arrangements as a whole are so skilfully planned as to supply all necessary fixtures in spite of limited accommodation.

A Book to Buy

In these somewhat dreary days it is pleasant to have a book like "Bulls and Blunders," by J. C. Percy (Mecredy, Percy, and Co., Dublin, 1*s*.), at hand to turn to for a laugh. As its name implies, it is a collection of bulls, blunders, jokes, and other examples of humour, both conscious and unconscious, which its author, the well-known cycling and motoring journalist, has compiled with considerable skill and discrimination. An interesting fact which this book helps to emphasise is that the bull is by no means an exclusively Irish product, and there is quite an interesting chapter on after-dinner speaking.

A Striking Nelson Picture

The picture entitled "The Toast is 'Britain,'" which is reproduced on this page, is by Mr. Fred Roe, R.I., and was hung on the line in last year's Academy. The proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap have issued a facsimile reproduction of the picture in colours, size 33in. by 27in., and entirely devoid of advertisement matter. It will be sent free, securely packed, to users of Wright's Coal Tar Soap who send twenty-four outside wrappers from the 4d. tablets of soap, together with 6*d*. to cover postage (inland). Foreign postage extra. Address, "Britain," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

THE TOAST IS "BRITAIN." BY FRED. ROE, R.I.

Particulars as to how users of Wright's Coal Tar Soap may obtain a splendid facsimile in colours of this striking picture are given on this page

The Menu: A Lenten Dinner

Tomato Soup (with Fresh Tomatoes)
Fish Omelette
Fillets of Cod with Cheese Sauce
Baked Salsify
Apple Meringue
Cheese Fritters
Coffee

Tomato Soup

Remove the stalks of about 1½ lb. of tomatoes, cut them in slices, and lay them on a dish, sprinkling them with some castor sugar. This is necessary to correct the acidity of the tomato. Let them remain half an hour. Cut up a Spanish onion and fry it in a stewpan in butter. When of a golden brown, put in all the tomatoes and let them stew gently for half an hour, adding a quart of stock, pepper and salt to taste and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Pass through a sieve, reheat the soup, thicken with a little cornflour, and serve.

Fish Omelette

Break three eggs, separating the yolks and whites; sprinkle into the yolks a little salt, cayenne, nutmeg, and one dessertspoonful of grated cheese; beat all together. Take a good tablespoonful of any cooked white fish, and cut it up into very small pieces. Add a pinch of salt to the whites of eggs, and whip to a stiff froth. Stir the whipped whites very lightly to the yolks, etc. Melt 1 oz. of butter in an omelette pan, pour in the eggs, let them just set a little, then put in the fish, and stir all together till the omelette is cooked; turn it towards the handle of the pan, and with a spoon or egg-slice turn it over for a moment, and then slide it on to a hot dish.

Fillets of Cod with Cheese Sauce

Place the fillets on a buttered fire-proof dish. Pepper and salt them, and add a very small piece of onion. Pour in half a pint of stock or milk, and cook until tender in the oven. Drain off the liquid, and keep the fish hot. Thicken the sauce with 1 oz. of flour and ½ oz. of butter in the usual way, stir in a good tablespoonful of grated cheese, pour the sauce over the fish, and serve.

Baked Salsify

Scrape, wash, and cut into short pieces a bundle of salsify, and put them into a basin of cold water, containing lemon-juice or vinegar. Drain the salsify, and cook in stock or water till tender. Heat up about a breakfast cupful of rich white sauce, put in the salsify, and stir well together. Put the salsify and sauce in a buttered enamel-lined dish, or, if preferred, into small casserole dishes, sprinkle over some breadcrumbs, and add a little butter on the top. Bake for ten minutes in a good oven, and serve. Chicory can be treated in the same way.

Apple Meringue

Stew till perfectly tender some good cooking apples, sweeten them, and add a strip of lemon-peel—also a small piece of butter. Put a layer of pounded macaroons in the bottom of a glass or silver dish, cover with the apple, and just before serving cover roughly with the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, slightly sweetened. A little castor sugar, coloured with cochineal, dusted over the top, will improve the appearance.

Cheese Fritters

One egg well beaten with pepper and salt and a little milk. Grate 3 oz. of cheese, add to it the mixture with a piece of butter and a little more milk. Well butter some patty-pans, fill them nearly full, and bake in the oven for about ten minutes. Serve very hot. This makes five fritters.

EMILIA